

THE WHOLE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;
IN TWO VOLUMES,
V o l. II.

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L E V I T I E S ;

O R

P I E C E S of H U M O U R .



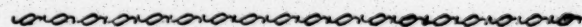
F L I R T and P H I L :

A Devotion for the L A D I E S .

A Wit by learning well refin'd,
 A beau, but of the rural kind,
 To *Sylvia* made pretences;
 They both profess'd an equal love,
 Yet hop'd, by different means, to move
 Her judgment, or her senses.

Young sprightly *Flirt*, of blooming mien,
 Watch'd the best minutes to be seen ;
 Went—when his glass advis'd him :
 While meagre *Phil* of books inquir'd ;
 A wight for wit and parts admir'd ;
 And witty ladies priz'd him.

Sylvia had wit, had spirits too;
 To hear the one, the other view,
 Suspended held the scales:
 Her wit, her youth too claim'd its share,
 Let none the preference declare,
 But turn up—heads or tails.



STANZAS, to the Memory of an agreeable
 LADY, buried in Marriage to a Person
 undeserving her.

'T WAS always held, and ever will,
 By sage mankind, discreeter
 T' anticipate a lesser ill,
 Than undergo a greater.

When mortals dread diseases, pain,
 And languishing conditions,
 Who don't the lesser ills sustain
 Of physic—and physicians?

Rather than lose his whole estate,
 He that but little wise is,
 Full gladly pays four parts in eight
 To taxes and excises

Our merchants Spain has near undone
 For lost ships not requiting:
 This bears our noble K—to shun
 The loss of blood in fighting!

With

PIECES of HUMOUR. 5

With num'rous ills, in single life,
The bachelor's attended :
Such to avoid, he takes a wife—
And much the case is mended !

Poor *Gratia*, in her twentieth year,
Foreseeing future wo,
Chose to attend a monkey here,
Before an ape below.



C O L E M I R A.

A Culinary ECLOGUE.

Nec tantum Veneris, quantum studiosa culinae.

N ight's sable clouds had half the globe o'erspread
And silence reign'd, and folks were-gone to bed :
When love with gentle sleep can ne'er inspire,
Had seated *Damon* by the kitchen-fire.

Pensive he lay, extended on the ground ;
The little lares kept their vigils round ;
The fawning cats compassionate his case,
And purr around, and gently lick his face.

To all his 'plaints the sleeping curs reply,
And with hoarse snorings imitate a sigh.
Such gloomy scenes with lover's minds agree,
And solitude to them is best society.

Could I (he cry'd) express, how bright a grace
Adorns they morning-hands, and well-wash'd face;
Thou wouldst, *Colemira*, grant what I implore,
And yield me love, or wash thy face no more.

Ah! who can see, and seeing, not admire,
Whene'er she sets the pot upon the fire!
Her hands outshine the fire, and redder things;
Her eyes are blacker than the pots she brings.

But sure no chamber-damsel can compare,
When in meridian lustre shines my fair,
When warm'd with dinner's toil, in pearly rills,
Adown her goodly cheek the sweat distils.

Oh! how I long, how ardently desire,
To view those rosy fingers strike the lyre!
For late, when bees to change their climes began,
How did I see 'm thrum the frying-pan!

With her I should not envy *G* — his queen, —
Tho' she in royal grandeur deck'd be seen!
Whilst rags just sever'd from my fair one's gown,
In russet pomp, and greasy pride hang down.

Ah! how it does my drooping heart rejoice,
When in the hall I hear thy mellow voice!
How would that voice exceed the village-bell;
Wouldst thou but sing, " I like thee passing well!"

When from the hearth she bade the pointers go,
How soft, how easy did her accents flow!
" Get out," she cry'd, " when strangers come to sup,
" One ne'er can raise those snoring devils up."

Then

Then full of wrath, she kick'd each lazy brute,
Alas! I envy'd even that salute :
'Twas sure misplac'd.—*Shock* said, or seem'd to say,
He had as lief I had the kick as they.

If she the mystic bellows take in hand,
Who like the fair can that machine command?
O mayst thou ne'er by *Æolus* be seen,
For he would sure demand thee for his queen.

But should the flame this rougher aid refuse,
And only gentler med'cines be of use;
With full-blown cheeks she ends the doubtful strife,
Foments the infant-flame, and puffs it into life.

Such arts as these exalt the drooping fire,
But in my breast a fiercer flame inspire:
I burn! I burn! O! give thy puffing o'er,
And swell thy cheeks and pout thy lips no more!

With all her haughty looks, the time I've seen,
When this proud damsel has more humble been,
When with nice airs she hoist the pancake round,
And dropt it, hapless fair! upon the ground.

Look, with what charming grace! what winning
tricks!

The artful charmer rubs the candlesticks,
So bright she makes the candlesticks she handles,
Oft have I said,—there were no need of candles:

But thou, my fair, who never wouldst approve,
Or hear, the tender story of my love;

Or mind how burns my raging breast,—a button—
Perhaps art dreaming of—a breast of mutton.

Thus said, and wept the sad desponding swain,
Revealing to the sable walls his pain :
But nymphs are free with those they should deny ;
To those they love more exquisitely coy !

Now chirping crickets raise their tinkling voice,
The lambent flames in languid streams arise,
And smoke in azure folds, evaporates and dies.



The R A P E of the T R A P.

A B A L L A D. 1737.

'T Was in a land of learning,
The muse's fav'rite city,
Such pranks of late
Were play'd by a rat,
As—tempt one to be witty.

**All in a college-study,
Where books were in great plenty,
This rat would devour
More sense in an hour,
Than I could write—in twenty.**

Corporal

PIECES OF HUMOUR.

Corporeal food, 'twas granted
Serves vermin less refin'd, Sir;
But this, a rat of taste,
All other rats surpass'd;
And he prey'd on the food of the mind, Sir.

His breakfast, half the morning,
He constantly attended;
And when the bell rung
For evening-song,
His dinner scarce was ended!

He spar'd not ev'n heroics,
On which we poets pride us;
And would make no more
Of King *Arthur's* *, by the score,
Than—all the world beside does.

In books of geo-graphy
He made the maps to flutter:
A river or a sea
Was to him a dish of tea;
And a kingdom bread and butter.

But if some mawkish potion
Might chance to over-dose him,
To check its rage,
He took a page
Of logic—to compose him.—

* By Blackmore.

A trap, in haste and anger,
Was bought, you need not doubt on't.
And such was the gin,
Were a lion once got in,
He could not, I think, get out on't.
With cheese, not books, 'twas baited,
The fact—I'll not belie it—
Since none—I tell you that—
Whether scholar or rat,
Minds books when he has other diet.
But more of trap and bait, Sir,
Why should I sing, or either?
Since the rat, who knew the sleight;
Came in the dead of night,
And dragg'd 'em away together:
Both trap and bait were vanish'd,
Thro' a fracture in the flooring;
Which tho' so trim
It now may seem,
Had then—a dozen or more in.
Then answer this, ye sages!
Nor deem I mean to wrong ye,
Had the rat which thus deed seize on
The trap, less claim to reason,
Than many a scull among ye?
Dan Prior's mice, I own it,
Were vermin of condition;

But this rat, who merely learn'd
 What rats alone concern'd,
 Was the greater politician.

That *England's* topsy-turvy,
 Is clear from these mishaps, Sir;
 Since traps, we may determine,
 Will no longer take our vermin,
 But * vermin take our traps, Sir.

Let fops, by rats infested,
 Then trust in cats to catch 'em;
 lest they grow as learn'd as we,
 In our studies, where, d'ye see,
 No mortal sits to watch 'em.

Good luck betide our captains;
 Good luck betide our cats, Sir;
 And grant that the one
 May quell the *Spanish* Don,
 And t'other destroy our rats, Sir.



On certain PASTORALS.

O rude and tuneless are thy lays,
 The weary audience vow,
 Was not th' Arcadian swain that sings,
 But 'tis his herds that low.

But *Written at the time of the Spanish depredations.*

On

On Mr C—— of *Kidderminster's* Poetry.

THY verses, friend, are *Kidderminster* * stuff,
And I must own you've measur'd out enough.

To the VIRTUOSOS.

Hail curious wights! to whom so fair
The form of mortal flies is!
Who deem those grubs beyond compare,
Which common sense despises.

Whether o'er hill, morass, or mound,
You make your sportsman fallies;
Or that your prey in gardens found,
Is urg'd thro' walks and alleys.

Yet in the fury of the chace,
No slope could e'er retard you;
Blest if one fly repay the race,
Or painted wing reward you.

Fierce as *Camilla* † o'er the plain,
Pursu'd the glitt'ring stranger;
Still ey'd the purple's pleasing stain,
And knew not fear nor danger.

* *Kidderminster, famous for a coarse woollen manufacture.*

† See *Virgil*.

'Tis you dispense the fav'rite meat
 To nature's filmy people ;
 Know what conserves they choose to eat,
 And what liqueurs, to tipple.

And if her brood of insects dies,
 You sage assistance lend her ;
 Can stoop to pimp for am'rous flies,
 And help 'em to engender.

'Tis you protect their pregnant hour ;
 And when the birth's at hand,
 Exerting your obstetric pow'r,
 Prevent a mothless land.

Yet oh ! howe'er your tow'ring view
 Above gross objects rises,
 Whate'er refinements you pursue,
 Hear what a friend advises ;

A friend, who weigh'd with yours, must prize
Domitian's idle passion,
 That wrought the death of teasing flies,
 But ne'er their propagation,

Let *Flavia's* eyes more deeply warm,
 Nor thus your hearts determine,
 To slight dame nature's fairest form,
 And sigh for nature's vermine.

And speak with some respect of beaux,
 Nor more as triflers treat 'em,
 'Tis better learn to save one's cloaths,
 Than cherish moths that eat 'em.

LEVITIES; OR, The EXTENT of COOKERY.

Aliusque et idem.

WHen Tom to *Cambridge* first was sent,
A plain brown bob he wore;
Read much, and look'd as though he meant
To be a fop no more.

See him to *Lincoln's-Inn* repair,
His resolution flag;
He cherishes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.

Nor *Coke* nor *Salkeld* he regards,
But gets into the house,
And soon a judge's rank rewards
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu ye bobs! ye bags give place!
Full-bottoms come instead!
Good L—d! to see the various ways
Of dressing—a calve's-head!



The PROGRESS of ADVICE.

A COMMON CASE.

Suade, nam certum est.

Says Richard to Thomas, (and seem'd half afraid),
" I am thinking to marry thy mistress's maid :

Now

Ye gentle bards ! give ear !

Who talk of am'rous rage,
Who spoil the lily, rob the rose,
Come learn of me to weep your woes :
O sweet, O sweet *Anne Page* !

Why should such labour'd strains
Your formal muse engage ?
I never dream'd of flame or dart,
That fir'd my breast, or pierc'd my heart,
But sigh'd O sweet *Anne Page* !

And you ! whose love-sick minds
No med'cine can assuage !
Accuse the leech's art no more,
But learn of *Slender* to deplore ;
O sweet, O sweet *Anne Page* !

And ye ! whose souls are held
Like linnets in a cage !
Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,
Attend, and imitate my strains !
O sweet, O sweet *Anne Page* !

And you who boast or grieve,
What horrid wars ye wage !
Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye ;
Yet mean as I do, when I sigh
O sweet, O sweet *Anne Page* !

Hence ev'ry fond conceit
Of shepherd or of sage !

B 3

!Tis

Ye

'Tis *Slender's* voice, 'tis *Slender's* way
Expresses all you have to say,
O sweet, O sweet *Anne Page*!



The INVIDIOUS. MART.

O Fortune! if my pray'r of old
Was ne'er solicitous for gold,
With better grace thou may'st allow,
My suppliant wish, that asks it now.
Yet think not! goddess! I require it
For the same end your clowns desire it.

In a well-made effectual string,
Fain would I see *Livido* swing!
Hear him, from *Tyburn's* height haranguing,
But such a cur's not worth one's hanging.
Give me, O goddess! store of pelf,
And he will tie the knot himself.



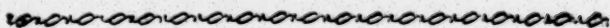
The PRICE of an EQUIPAGE.

Servum si potes, Ole, non habere ;
Et regem potes, Ole, non habere.

MART.

I Ask'd a friend, amid'st the throng,
Whose coach it was that trail'd along:
"The gilded coach there—don't ye mind?
That, with the footmen stuck behind,"

And should he boast he once had seen
 As just a form, as bright a mien,
 Yet must it still for ever pose him,
 To match—what *Celia* never shews him.



I N S C R I P T I O N.

To the memory
 Of *A. L.* Esquire,
 Justice of the peace for this County :
 Who, in the whole course of his pilgrimage
 Thro' a trifling ridiculous world,
 Maintaining his proper dignity,
 Notwithstanding the scoffs of ill-dispos'd persons,
 And wits of the age,
 That ridicul'd his behaviour,
 Or censur'd his breeding;
 Following the dictates of nature,
 Desiring to ease the afflicted,
 Eager to set the prisoners at liberty,
 Without having for his end
 The noise, or report such things generally cause
 In the world,
 (As he was seen to perform them of none)
 But the sole relief and happiness
 Of the party in distress;
 Himself resting easy,
 When he could render that so;

Nor

Nor griping, or pinching himself,
 To hoard up superfluities ;
 Nor coveting to keep in his possession
 What gives more disquietude, than pleasure ;
 But charitably diffusing it
 To all round about him :
 Making the most sorrowful countenance
 To smile
 In his presence ;
 Always bestowing more than he was ask'd,
 Always imparting before he was desir'd ;
 Not proceeding in this manner,
 Upon every trivial suggestion,
 But the most mature and solemn deliberation ;
 With an incredible presence and undauntedness
 Of mind ;
 With an inimitable gravity and œconomy
 Of face ;
 Bidding loud defiance
 To politeness and the fashion,
 Dar'd let a f——t.

~~~~~

To a F R I E N D.

**H**Ave you ne'er seen my gentle squire,  
 The humours of your kitchen-fire ?

Says Ned to Sal, " I lead a spade,  
 Why don't ye play—the girl's afraid——

Play

Play something—any thing—but play——  
 'Tis but to pass the time away——  
 Phoo—how she stands—biting her nails——  
 As though she play'd for half her vails——  
 Sorting her cards, hagling and picking——  
 We play for nothing, do us, chicken?——  
 That card will do—'blood never doubt it,  
 'Tis not worth while to think about it."

*Sal* thought, and thought, and mis'd her aim,  
 And *Ned*, ne'er studying, won the game.

Methinks, old friend, 'tis wond'rous true,  
 That verse is but a game at loo.  
 While many a bard that shews so clearly,  
 He writes for his amusement merely,  
 Is known to study, fret, and toil,  
 And play for nothing all the while;  
 Or praise at most; for wreaths of yore  
 Ne'er signified a farthing more:  
 Till having vainly toil'd to gain it,  
 He sees your flying pen obtain it.

Thro' fragrant scenes the trisler roves,  
 And hallow'd haunts that *Phæbus* loves;  
 Where with strange heats his bosom glows,  
 And mystic flames the god bestows.  
 You now none other flame require,  
 Than a good blazing parlour-fire;  
 Write verses—to defy the scorers,  
 In shit-houses and chimney-corners.

*Sal* found her deep-laid schemes were vain,—  
 The cards are cut—come deal again —  
 No good comes on it when one lingers—  
 I'll play the cards come next my fingers—  
 Fortune could never let *Ned* loo her,  
 When she had left it wholly to her.

Well, now, who wins!—why, still the same—  
 For *Sal* has lost another game.

“ I've done;” (she mutter'd), “ I was saying,  
 It did not argufy my playing.  
 Some folks will win, they cannot chuse,  
 But think or not think—some must lose;  
 I may have won a game or so—  
 But then it was an age ago—  
 It ne'er will be my lot again—  
 I won it of a baby then—  
 Give me an ace of trumps, and see,  
 Our *Ned* will beat me with a three.  
 'Tis all by luck that things are carry'd—  
 He'll suffer for it when he's marry'd.

Thus *Sal*, with tears in either eye;  
 While victor *Ned* sat titt'ring by.

Thus I, long envying your success,  
 And bent to write, and study less,  
 Sat down, and scribbled in a trice,  
 Just what you see—and you despise.

*Sal* You who can frame a tuneful song,  
 And hum it as you ride along;

And

And, trotting on the king's highway,  
 Snatch from the hedge a sprig of bay;  
 Accept this verse, howe'er it flows,  
 From one that is your friend in prose.

What is this wreath, so green! so fair!  
 Which many wish, and few must wear?  
 Which some mens indolence can gain,  
 And some mens vigils ne'er obtain?  
 For what must *Sal* or poet sue,  
 Ere they engage with *Ned* or you?  
 For luck in verse, for luck at loo?

Ah no! 'tis genius gives you fame,  
 And *Ned*, thro' skill secures the game.

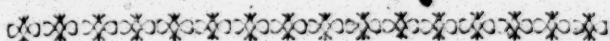


### A SOLEMN MEDITATION.

**W**Hat is this life, this active guest,  
 Which robs our peaceful clay of rest?  
 This trifle, which while we retain,  
 Causes inquietude and pain!  
 This breath, which we no sooner find,  
 Than in a moment 'tis resign'd?  
 Whose momentary noise, when o'er,  
 Is never, never heard of more!  
 And even monarchs when it ends,  
 Become offensive to their friends;

Emit a putrid noisome smell,  
To those that lov'd 'em e'er so well!

Pond'ring these things, within my heart,  
Surely, said I—Life is a f—t!



### The P O E T and the D U N. 1741.

*These are messengers,  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.*

SHAKESPEAR.

**C**OMES a dun in the morning, and raps at my door—

“ ~~L~~made bold to call—’tis a twelvemonth and more—  
I’m sorry, believe me, to trouble you thus, Sir,—  
But *Job* would be paid, Sir, had *Job* been a mercer.”  
My friend, have but patience—“ Aye, these are your  
ways.”

I have got but one shilling to serve me two days—  
But, Sir,—præthee take it, and tell your attorney,  
If I ha’nt paid your bill I’ve paid for your journey.

Well, now thou art gone, let me govern my passion,  
And calmly consider——consider? vexation!

What whore that must paint, and must put on false  
locks,

And counterfeit joy in the pangs of the pox!

What beggar’s wife’s nephew, now starv’d, and now  
beaten,

Who wanting to eat, fears himself shall be eaten!



What porter, what turnspit, can deem his case hard!  
 Or what dun boast of patience that thinks of a bard!  
 Well, I'll leave this poor trade, for no trade can be  
 poorer,

Turn shoe boy, or courtier, or pimp, or procurer;  
 Get love, and respect, and good living, and pelf,  
 And dun some poor dog of a poet myself.

One's credit, however, of course will grow better;  
 Here enters the footman, and brings me a letter.

" Dear Sir, I receiv'd your obliging epistle,  
 Your fame is secure—bid the critics go whistle.  
 I read over with wonder the poem you sent me,  
 And I must speak your praises, no soul shall prevent  
 me.

The audience, believe me, cry'd out, ev'ry line  
 Was strong, was affecting, was just, was divine;  
 All pregnant as gold is, with worth, weight, and beauty,  
 And to hide such a genius was far from your duty.  
 I foresee that the court will be hugely delight ed,  
 Sir *Richard*, for much a less genius was knighted.  
 Adieu: my good friend, and for high life prépare ye;  
 I could say much more, but you're modest, I spare ye."  
 Quite fir'd with the flatt'ry, I call for my paper,  
 And waste that, and health, and my time, and my taper:  
 I scribble till morn, when with wrath no small store,  
 Comes my old friend the mercer and raps at my door.  
 " Ah! friend, 'tis but idle to make such a pother,  
 Fate, fate has ordain'd us to plague one another."

Written



Written at an Inn at *Henley*.

**T**O thee fair Freedom! I retire  
From flatt'ry, cards, and dice, and din;  
Nor art thou found in mansions higher  
Than the low cott, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless pow'r I reign;  
And ev'ry health which I begin,  
Converts dull port to bright champagne;  
Such freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!  
I fly from falsehoods's specious grin!  
Freedom I love, and form I hate,  
And chuse my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter, take my sordid ore,  
Which lacqueys else might hope to win,  
It buys what courts have not in store;  
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
The warmest welcome at an inn.

\*\*\*\*\*

### A SIMILE.

**W**HAT village but has some time seen  
The clumsy shape, the frightful mien,

Tremendous claws, and shaggy hair,  
 Of that grim brute yelp'd a bear?  
 He from his dam, the learn'd agree,  
 Receiv'd the curious form you see;  
 Who with her plastic tongue alone,  
 Produc'd a visage—like her own.—  
 And thus they hint, in mystic fashion,  
 The pow'rful force of education \*—  
 Perhaps yon croud of swains is viewing,  
 E'en now the strange exploits of Bruin;  
 Who plays his antics, roars aloud;  
 The wonder of a gaping croud!

So have I known an awkward lad,  
 Whose birth has made a parish glad;  
 Forbid, for fear of sense, to roam,  
 And taught by kind mamma at home,  
 Who gives him many a well try'd rule,  
 With ways and means—to play the fool.  
 In sense the same, in stature higher,  
 He shines, ere long, a rural squire,  
 Pours forth unwitty jokes, and swears,  
 And bawls, and drinks, but chiefly stares.  
 His tenants of superior sense  
 Carouze, and laugh, at his expence;  
 And deem the pastime I'm relating,  
 To be as pleasant as bear-beating.

\* *Of a fond matron's education.*

The CHARMS of PRECEDENCE.

A TALE.

"SIR, will you please to walk before?"  
 —No, pray Sir—you are next the door.—

"—Upon mine honour I'll not stir,"—

Sir I'm at home consider Sir—

"Excuse me, Sir, I'll not go first."—

Well if I must be rude I must—

But yet I wish I could evade it—

'Tis strangely clownish, be persuaded.—

Go forward, cits! go forward squires!

Nor scruple each what each admires.

Life squares not, friends, with your proceeding;

It flies, while you display your breeding;

Such breeding as one's granam preaches,

Or some old dancing master teaches.

O for some rude tumultuous fellow,

Half crazy, or, at least, half mellow,

To come behind you unawares,

And fairly push you both down stairs!

But death's at hand—let me advise ye,

Go forward, friends! or he'll surprise ye.

Besides, how insincere you are!

Do you not flatter, lie, forswear,

And daily cheat, and weekly pray,

And all for this—to lead the way!

The

Such is my theme, which means to prove,  
That, tho' we drink, or game, or love,  
As that or this is most in fashion,  
Precedence is our ruling passion.

When college students take degrees,  
And pay the beadle's endless fees,  
What moves that scientific body,  
But the first cutting at a gawdy?  
And whence such shoals, in bare conditions,  
That starve and languish as physicians,  
Content to trudge the streets, and stare at  
The fat apothecary's chariot?  
But that, in *Charlot's* chamber (see  
*Moliere's medicin malgre lui*)  
The leech, howe'er his fortunes vary,  
Still waits before th' apothecary.

*Flavia* in vain has wit and charms,  
And all that shines, and all that warms;  
In vain all human race adore her,  
For—Lady *Mary* ranks before her.

O *Celia*, gentle *Celia*! tell us,  
You who are neither vain, nor jealous!  
The softest breast, the mildest mien!  
Would you not feel some little spleen,  
Nor bite your lip, nor furl your brow,  
If *Florinel*, your equal now,  
Should, one day, gain precedence of ye?  
First serv'd—tho' in a dish of coffee?  
Plac'd first, altho' where you are found,  
You gain the eyes of all around?

Nam'd first, tho' not with half the fame,  
That waits my charming *Celia's* name!

Hard fortune! barely to inspire  
Our fix'd esteem, and fond desire!  
Barely, where'er you go, to prove  
The source of universal love!  
Yet be content, observing this,  
Honour's the offspring of caprice:  
And worth, howe'er you have pursu'd it,  
Has now no pow'r—but to exclude it.  
You'll find your general reputation  
A kind of supplemental station.

Poor *Swift*, with all his worth, could ne'er,  
He tells us, hope to rise a peer;  
So, to supply it, wrote for fame:  
And well the wit secur'd his aim.  
A common patriot has a drift,  
Not quite so innocent as *Swift*:  
In *Britain's* cause he rants, he labours;  
"He's honest, faith"—have patience, neighbours;  
For patriots may sometimes deceive,  
May beg their friend's reluctant leave,  
To serve them in a higher sphere;  
And drop their virtue, to get there—

As *Lucian* tells us in his fashion,  
How souls put off each earthly passion,  
Ere on *Elysium's* flow'ry strand,  
Old *Charon* suffer'd 'em to land:  
So ere we meet a court's caresses,  
No doubt our souls must change their dresses;

And souls there be, who, bound that way,  
 Attire themselves ten times a-day.  
 If then 'tis rank which all men covet,  
 And saints alike and sinners love it;  
 If place, for which our courtiers throng  
 So thick, that few can get along;  
 For which such servile toils are seen,  
 Who's happier than a king?—a queen.

Howe'er men aim at elevation,  
 'Tis properly a female passion :  
 Women, and beaux, beyond all measure  
 Are charm'd with ranks ecstatic pleasure.

Sir, if your drift I rightly scan,  
 You'd hint a beau were not a man :  
 Say, women then are fond of places;  
 I wave all disputable cases.  
 A man perhaps would something linger,  
 Were his lov'd rank to cost—a finger;  
 Or were an ear or toe the price on't,  
 He might delib'rate once or twice on't;  
 Perhaps ask *Gataker's* advice on't.

And many, as their frame grows old,  
 Would hardly purchase it with gold.

But women with precedence ever ;  
 'Tis their whole life's supreme endeavour ;  
 It fires their youth with jealous rage,  
 And strongly animates their age.  
 Perhaps they would not sell outright,  
 Or maim a limb—that was in sight ;

Yet, on worse terms, they sometimes chuse it;  
Nor, ev'n in punishments refuse it.

Pre-eminence in pain, you cry!  
All fierce and pregnant with reply.  
But lend your patience, and your ear,  
An argument shall make it clear.  
But hold, an argument may fail,  
Beside my title says, a tale.

Where *Avon* rolls her winding stream,  
*Avon*, the muse's fav'rite theme!  
*Avon*, that fills the farmers purses,  
And decks with flow'rs both farms and verses,  
She visits many a fertile vale,——  
Such was the scene of this my tale.  
For 'tis in *Ev'sham's* vale, or near it,  
That folks with laughter tell and hear it.  
The soil with annual plenty blest'd  
Was by young *Crydon* possess'd.  
His youth alone I lay before ye,  
As most material to my story:  
For strength and vigour too he had 'em,  
And 'twere not much amiss to add 'em.

Thrice happy lout! whose wide domain  
Now green with grass, now gilt with grain,  
In russet robes of clover deep,  
Or thinly veil'd and white with sheep;  
Now fragrant with the bean's perfume,  
Now purpled with the pulse's bloom,  
Might well with bright allusion store me;  
—But happier bards have been before me!

Yet

Amongst



Amongst the various year's increase,  
 The tripling own'd a field of pease;  
 Which, when ~~at~~ night he ceas'd his labours,  
 Were haunted by some female neighbours.  
 Each morn discover'd to his sight  
 The shameful havock of the night:  
 'Traces of this they left behind 'em,  
 But no instructions where to find 'em.  
 The devil's works are plain and evil,  
 But few or none have seen the devil.  
 Old *Noll* indeed, if we may credit  
 The words of *Echard*, who has said it,  
 Contriv'd with *Satan* how to fool us;  
 And bargain'd face to face to rule us;  
 But then old *Noll* was one in ten.  
 And fought him more than othermen.  
 Our shepherd too, with like attention,  
 May meet the female fiends we mention.  
 He rose one morn at break of day,  
 And near the field in ambush lay:  
 When lo! a brace of girls appears,  
 The third, a matron much in years.  
 Smiling amidst the pease, the sinners  
 Sat down to cull their future dinners;  
 And, caring little who might own 'em,  
 Made free as though themselves had sown 'em.  
 'Tis worth a sage's observation,  
 How love can make a jest of passion.  
 Anger had forc'd the swain from bed,  
 His early dues to love unpaid!  
 And love, a god that keeps a pother,  
 And will be paid one time or other,



Now banish'd anger out o'door ;  
 And claim'd the debt with-held before.  
 If anger bid our youth revile,  
 Love form'd his features to a smile :  
 And knowing well 'twas all grimace,  
 To threaten with a smiling face,  
 He in few words express'd his mind—  
 And none would deem them much unkind.

The am'rous youth, for their offence,  
 Demanded instant recompence :  
 That recompence from each, which shame  
 Forbids a bashful muse to name.  
 Yet, more this sentence to discover,  
 'Tis what *Bett* \*\* grants her lover.  
 When he, to make the strumpet willing,  
 Has spent his fortune—to a shilling.

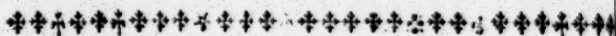
Each stood a while, as 'twere suspended,  
 And loath to do what—each intended.  
 At length, with soft pathetic sighs,  
 The matron, bent with age, replies,

'Tis vain to strive—justice, I know,  
 And our ill stars will have it so—  
 But let my tears your wrath assuage,  
 And shew some deference for age !  
 I from a distant village came,  
 Am old, G — knows, and something lame ;  
 And if we yield, as yield we must,  
 Dispatch my crazy body first

Our shepherd, like the *Phrygian* swain,  
 When circled round on *Ida's* plain,

With

With goddesses he stood suspended,  
 And *Pallas's* grave speech was ended,  
 Own'd what she ask'd might be his duty;  
 But paid the compliment to beauty.



## O D E

To be performed by Dr *Brettle*, and a  
 Chorus of *Hales-owen* CITIZENS.

The Instrumental Part, a Viol d'Amour.

AIR by the DOCTOR.

**A** Wake! I say, awake, good people!  
 And be for once alive and gay;  
 Come let's be merry, stir the tippie;  
 How can you sleep  
 Whilst I do play: how can you sleep, &c.

CHORUS of CITIZENS.

Pardon, O! pardon, great musician!  
 On drowy souls some pity take!  
 For wondrous hard is our condition,  
 To drink thy bear,  
 Thy strains to hear;  
 To drink,  
 To hear,  
 And keep awake!

SOLO

SOLO by the DOCTOR.

Hear but this strain——'twas made by *Handel*,  
 A wight of skill, and judgment deep !  
 Zoonterers they're gone — *Sal*, bring a candle——  
 No, here is one, and he's asleep.

D U E T T E.

DR.—How could they go, *Soft music.*  
 Whilst I do play?  
 SAL. How could they go? *Warlike music.*  
 How should they stay?

\*\*\*\*\*

EPILOGUE to the Tragedy of CLEONE.

WELL, ladies—so much for the tragic style—  
 And now the custom is to make you smile.  
 To make us smile!—methinks I hear you say—  
 Why, who can help it at so strange a play;  
 The captain gone three years!—and then to blame  
 The faultless conduct of his virtuous dame !  
 My stars—what gentle belle would think it treason,  
 When thus provok'd, to give the brute some reason?  
 Out of my house!—this night, forthwith, depart!  
 A modern wife had said——“With all my heart—  
 But think not, haughty Sir, I'll go alone!  
 Order your coach,—conduct me safe to town—  
 Give me my jewels, wardrobe, and my maid—  
 And pray take care my pin-money be paid.”

Such is the language of each modish fair ?  
 Yet memoirs, not of modern growth, declare  
 The time has been when modesty and truth  
 Were deem'd additions to the charms of youth ;  
 When women hid their neck , and veil'd their faces,  
 Nor romp'd, nor rak'd, nor star'd at public places,  
 Nor took the airs of *Amazons* for graces :  
 Then plain domestic virtues were the mode,  
 And wives ne'er dream'd of happiness abroad :  
 They lov'd their children, learn'd no flaunting airs,  
 But with the joys of wedlock mix'd the cares.  
 Those times are past—yet sure they merit praise,  
 For marriage triumph'd in those golden days :  
 By chaste decorum they affection gain'd ;  
 By faith and fondness what they won, maintain'd.  
 'Tis yours, ye fair, to bring those days agen,  
 And form anew the hearts of thoughtless men ;  
 Make beauty's lustre amiable as bright,  
 And give the soul, as well as sense, delight ;  
 Reclaim from folly a fantastic age,  
 That scorns the press, the pulpit, and the stage.  
 Let truth and tenderness your breasts adorn.  
 The marriage-chain with transport shall be worn.  
 Each blooming virgin rais'd into a bride,  
 Shall double all their joys, their cares divide  
 Alleviate grief, compose the jars of strife.  
 And pour the balm that sweetens human life.

INSCRIP.

INSCRIPTION.

(Beside a small Root House.)

**H**ERE in cool grot and mossy cell,  
We rural fay- and faeries dwell ;  
Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye,  
When the pale moon, ascending high,  
Darts thro' yon limes her quivering beams,  
We frisk it near these crystal streams,

Her beams reflected from the wave,  
Afford the light our revels crave ;  
The turf, with daisies broider'd o'er,  
Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor ;  
Nor yet for artful strains we call,  
But listen to the water's fall.

Would you then taste our tranquil scene,  
Be sure your bosoms be serene ;  
Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,  
Devoid of all that poisons life :  
And much it 'vails you in their place,  
To graft the love of human race.

And tread with awe these favour'd bowers,  
Nor wound the shrubs, nor bruise the flowers ;  
So may your path with sweets abound !  
So may your couch with rest be crown'd !  
But harm betide the wayward swain,  
Who dares our hallow'd haunts profane !



S.

## I N S C R I P T I O N S.

N.

Not her on Paphian plains admir'd  
The bold, the pert, the gay.

Not her, whose am'rous leer prevail'd  
To bribe the Phrygian boy;

Not her, who, clad in armour, fail'd  
To save disastrous Troy.

Fresh rising from the foamy tide,  
She ev'ry bosom warms;  
While half-withdrawn she seems to hide,  
And half-reveals, her charms.

Learn hence, ye boastful sons of taste,  
Who plan the rural shade;  
Learn hence to shun the vicious waste  
Of pomp, at large display'd.

Let sweet concealment's magic art  
Your mazy bounds invest;  
And while the sight unveils a part,  
Let fancy paint the rest.

Let coy reserve with cost unite  
To grace your wood or field;  
No ray obtrusive pall the sight,  
In aught you paint, or build.

◆◆◆◆

U S

And far be driven the sumptuous glare  
Of gold, from British groves;  
And far the meretricious air  
Of China's vain alcoves.



'Tis bashful beauty ever twines  
The most coercive chain ;  
'Tis she, that sovereign rule declines,  
Who best deserves to reign.



ON A GOTHIC ALCOVE.

**O** You that bathe in courtly blyffe,  
Or toyle in fortune's giddy spheare;  
Do not too rashly deeme amyffe  
Of him, that bydes contented here.

Nor yet disdeigne the russet stoale.  
Which o'er each carelesse lymbe he flyngs :  
Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle,  
In which he quaffs the lympid springs.

Forgive him, if at eve or dawne,  
 Devoide of worldly carke he stray :  
 Or all beside some flowerye lawne,  
 He waste his innoſſenſive daye.

So may he pardonne fraud and strife,  
If such in courtlye haunt he see :  
For faults there beene in busy life,  
From which these peaceful glennes are free.



## ON A SHEEP-COTE.

♦♦♦♦

E.

SHEPHERD. would'st thou here obtain  
Pleasure unalloy'd with pain?

Joy that suits the rural sphere?

Gentle shepherd, lend an ear,

Learn to relish calm delight,  
Verdant vales and fountains bright;  
Trees that nod on sloping hills,  
Caves that echo tinkling rills.

If thou can'st no charm disclose  
In the simplest bud that blows;  
Go, forsake thy plain and fold,  
Join the crowd, and toil for gold.

Tranquil pleasures never cloy;  
Banish each tumultuous joy:  
All but love—for love inspires  
Fonder wishes, warmer fires.

Love and all its joys be thine—  
Yet ere thou the reins resign,  
Fear what reason seems to say,  
Hear attentive, and obey.

“Crimson leaves the rose adorn,  
“But beneath 'em lurks a thorn;  
“Fair and flow'ry is the brake,  
“Yet it hides the vengeful snake.

ON

“Think

## 44      I N S C R I P T I O N S.

- " Think not she whose empty pride
- " Dares the fleecy garb deride,
- " Think not she who, light and vain,
- " Scorns the sheep, can love the swain,
  
- " Artless deed and simple dress,
- " Mark the chosen shepherdess ;
- " Thoughts by decency controul'd,
- " Well conceiv'd, and freely told.
  
- " Sense that shuns each conscious air,
- " Wit that falls ere well aware ;
- " Generous pity prone to sigh
- " If her kid or lambkin die.
  
- " Let not lucre, let not pride
- " Draw thee from such charms aside ;
- " Have not those their proper sphere ?
- " Gentler passions triumph here.
  
- " See, to sweeten thy repose,
- " The blossom buds, the fountain flows ;
- " Lo ! to crown thy healthful board,
- " All that milk and fruits afford.
  
- " Seek no more—the rest is vain ;
- " Pleasure ending soon in pain :
- " Anguish lightly gilded o'er :
- " Close thy wish, and seek no more."

M O R A L

JUDGMENT of HERCULES.

By whose mild influence instant wonders rise ;  
From whose soft breath Elysian beauties flow ,  
The sweets of *Hagley*, or the pride of *Stowe* ;  
Will *Lyttleton* the rural landscape range,  
Leave noisy fame and not regret the change ?  
Pleas'd, will he tread the garden's early walks,  
And learn a moral from the rising greens ?

There warm'd alike by Sol's enliv'ning pow'r,  
The weed, aspiring, emulates the flow'r :  
The drooping flow'r its fairer charms display'd,  
Invites, from grateful hands, their gen'rous aid :  
Soon, if none check the invative foe's designs,  
The lively lultre of these scenes declines !

'Tis thus, the spring of youth the morn of life,  
Rears in our minds the rival seeds of strife.

## Then

Then passion riots, reason then contends ;  
 And on the conquest ev'ry bliss depends :  
 Life from the nice decision takes its hue ;  
 And bless'd those judges who decide like you !  
 On worth like theirs shall ev'ry bliss attend :  
 The world their fav'rite, and the world their friend,

There are, who blind to thought's fatiguing ray,  
 As fortune gives examples, urge their way ;  
 Not virtue's foes, tho' they her paths decline,  
 And scarce her friends, tho' with her friends they  
 join,

In her's or vice's casual road advance,  
 Thoughtless, the sinners or the saints of chance !  
 Yet some more nobly scorn the vulgar voice ;  
 With judgment fix, with zeal pursue their choice,  
 When ripen'd thought, when reason born to reign,  
 Checks the wild tumults of the youthful vein ;  
 While passion's lawless tides, at their command,  
 Glide thro' more useful tracks, and bless the land.

Happiest of these is he whose matchless mind,  
 By learning strengthen'd, and by taste refin'd,  
 In virtue's cause essay'd its earliest powers ;  
 Chose virtue's paths, and strew'd her paths with  
 flow'rs.

The first alarm'd, if freedom waves her wings :  
 The fittest to adorn each art she brings :  
 Lov'd by that prince whom ev'ry virtue fires ;  
 Prais'd by that bard whom ev'ry muse inspires :  
 Bless'd in the tuneful art, the social flame ;  
 In all that wins, in all that merits fame !

'Twas youth's perplexing stage his doubts inspir'd,  
When great *Alcides* to a grove retir'd.  
Thro' the lone windings of a devious glade,  
Resign'd to thought, with ling'ring steps he stray'd;  
Blest with a mind to taste sincerer joys:  
Arm'd with a heart each false one to despise.  
Dubious he stray'd, with wav'ring thoughts possess'd,  
Alternate passions struggling shar'd his breast;  
The various arts which human cares divide,  
In deep attention all his mind employ'd:  
Anxious, if fame an equal bliss secur'd;  
Or silent ease, with softer charms, allur'd.  
The sylvan choir whose numbers sweetly flow'd,  
The fount that murmur'd, and the flow'rs that blow'd;  
The silver flood that in meanders led  
His glitt'ring streams along th' enliven'd mead;  
The soothing breeze, and all those beauties join'd,  
Which, whilst they please, effeminate the mind.  
In vain! while distant, on a summit rais'd,  
Th' imperial tow'rs of fame attractive blaz'd.

While thus he trac'd thro' fancy's puzzling maze,  
The sep'rate sweets of pleasure and of praise;  
Sudden the wind a fragrant gale convey'd,  
And a new lustre gain'd upon the shade.  
At once, before his wond'ring eyes were seen,  
Two female forms, of more than mortal mien.  
Various their charms; and, in their dress and face,  
Each seem'd to vie with some peculiar grace.  
This, whose attire less clogg'd with art appear'd,  
The simple sweets of innocence endear'd.

Her

Her sprightly bloom, her quick sagacious eye,  
 Shew'd native merit mix'd with modesty.  
 Her air diffus'd a mild, yet awful ray,  
 Severely sweet, and innocently gay.  
 Such the chaste image of the martial maid,  
 In artless folds of virgin-white array'd!  
 She let no borrow'd rose her cheeks adorn,  
 Her blushing cheeks that sham'd the purple morn.  
 Her charms nor had nor wanted artful foils,  
 Or studied gestures, or well practis'd smiles.  
 She scorn'd the toys which render beauty less;  
 She prov'd th' engaging chastity of dress;  
 And while she chose in native charms to shine,  
 Ev'n thus she seem'd, nay more than seem'd, divine.  
 One modest em'rald clasp'd the robe she wore,  
 And, in her hand, th' imperial sword she bore.  
 Sublime her height, majestic was her pace,  
 And match'd the awful honours of her face.  
 The shrubs, the flow'rs, that deck the verdant ground,  
 Seem'd, where she trode, with rising lustre crown'd,  
 Still her approach with stronger influence warm'd;  
 She pleas'd, while distant, but, when near, she  
 charm'd.

So strikes the gazers eye, the silver gleam  
 That glitt'ring quivers o'er a distant stream;  
 But from its banks we see new beauties rise,  
 And, in its crystal bosom, trace the skies.

With other charms the rival vision glow'd,  
 And from her dress her tinsel beauties flow'd.

A flutt'ring robe her pamper'd shape conceal'd,  
 And seem'd to shade the charms it best reveal'd.  
 Its form, contriv'd her faulty size to grace;  
 Its hue, to give fresh lusture to her face.  
 Her plaited hair disguis'd with brilliants glar'd;  
 Her cheeks the ruby's neighb'ring lusture shar'd;  
 The gaudy topaz lent its gay supplies,  
 And ev'ry gem that strikes less curious eyes;  
 Expos'd her breast with foreign sweets perfum'd;  
 And, round her brow, a roseate garland bloom'd.  
 Soft-smiling, blushing lips conceal'd her wiles;  
 Yet ah! the blushes artful as the smiles.  
 Oft gazing on her shade, th' enraptur'd fair  
 Decreed the substance well deserv'd her care:  
 Her thoughts to others charms malignly blind,  
 Center'd in that, and were to that confin'd;  
 And if on others eyes a glance were thrown,  
 'Twas but to watch the influence of her own.  
 Much like her guardian, fair *Cythera's* queen,  
 When for her warrior she refines her mien,  
 Or when, to bliss her *Delian* fav'rite's arms,  
 The radiant fair invigorates her charms.  
 Much like her pupil, *Egypt's* sportive dame,  
 Her dress expressive, and her air the same,  
 When her gay bark o'er silver *Cydnos* roll'd,  
 And all th' emblazon'd streamers wav'd in gold.  
 Such shone the vision; nor forbore to move,  
 The fond contagious airs of lawless love.  
 Each wanton eye deluding glances fir'd,  
 And am'rous dimples on each cheek conspir'd.



Lifeless her gait, and slow, with seeming pain,  
 She dragg'd her loit'ring limbs along the plain;  
 Yet made some faint efforts, and first approach'd  
       the swain.

So glaring draughts, with taudry lustre bright,  
 Spring to the view, and rush upon the sight:  
 More slowly charms a *Raphael's* chaster air,  
 Waits the calm search, and pays the searcher's care.

Wrapt in a pleas'd suspense, the youth survey'd  
 The various charms of each attractive maid;  
 Alternate each he view'd, and each admir'd,  
 And found, alternate, varying flames inspir'd.  
 Quick o'er their forms his eyes with pleasure ran,  
 When she, who first approach'd him, first began.

“ Hither, dear boy, direct thy wand'ring eyes;  
 'Tis here the lovely vale of pleasure lies.  
 Debate no more, to me thy life resign;  
 Each sweet, which nature can diffuse, is mine.  
 For me the nymph diversifies her pow'r,  
 Springs in a tree, or blossoms in a flow'r;  
 To please my ear, she tunes the linnet's strains;  
 To please my eye, with lilies paints the plains;  
 To form my couch, in mossy beds she grows;  
 To gratify my smell, perfumes the rose;  
 Reveals the fair, the fertile scene you see,  
 And swells the vegetable world for me.

Let the gild'd fool the toils of war pursue,  
 Where bleed the many to enrich the few:  
 Where chance from courage claims the boasted prize:  
 Where, tho' she give, your country oft denies.

Industrious

Industrious, thou shalt *Cupid's* wars maintain,  
 And ever gently fight his soft campaign ;  
 His darts alone shalt wield, his wounds endure,  
 Yet only suffer to enjoy the cure.  
 Yield but to me—a choir of nymphs shall rise,  
 And fire thy breast, and bless thy ravish'd eyes.  
 Their beauteous cheeks a fairer rose shall wear,  
 A brighter lily on their necks appear ;  
 Where fondly thou thy favour'd head shalt rest,  
 Soft as the down that swells the cygnet's nest !  
 While *Philomel* in each soft voice complains,  
 And gently lulls thee with mellifluous strains ;  
 Whilst with each accent, sweetest odours flow ;  
 And spicy gums round ev'ry bosom glow.  
 Not the fam'd bird *Arabian* climes admire,  
 Shall in such luxury of sweets expire.  
 At sloth let war's victorious sons exclaim ;  
 In vain ! for Pleasure is my real name :  
 Nor envy thou the head with bays o'ergrown ;  
 No, seek thou roses to adorn thy own :  
 For well each op'ning scene, that claims my care,  
 Suits and deserves the beauteous crown I wear.

Let others prune the vine ; the genial bowl  
 Shall crown thy table, and enlarge thy soul.  
 Let vulgar hands explore the brilliant mine,  
 So the gay produce glitter still on thine.  
 Indulgent *Bacchus* loads his lab'ring tree,  
 And, guarding, gives its clustring sweets to me.  
 For my lov'd train. *Apollo's* piercing beam  
 Darts thro' the passive glebe, and frames the gem.

See in my cause consenting gods employ'd,  
 Nor slight those gods their blessings unenjoy'd!  
 For thee the poplar shall its amber drain;  
 For thee, in clouded beauty spring the cane;  
 Some costly tribute ev'ry clime shall pay;  
 Some charming treasure ev'ry wind convey;  
 Each object round some pleasing scene shall yield;  
 Art build thy dome, while nature decks thy field;  
 Of *Corinth's* order shall the structure rise;  
 The spiring turrents glitter thro' the skies;  
 Thy costly robe shall glow with *Tyrian* rays;  
 Thy vane shall sparkle, and thy car shall blaze;  
 Yet thou, whatever pomp the sun display,  
 Shalt own the am'rous night exceeds the day.

When melting flutes and sweetly sounding lyres  
 Wake the gay loves, and cite the young desires;  
 Or, in th' *Ionian* dance, some fav'rite maid  
 Improves the flame her sparkling eyes convey'd;  
 Think, canst thou quit a glowing *Delia's* arms,  
 To feed on virtue's visionary charms?  
 Or slight the joys which wit and youth engage,  
 For the faint honour of a frozen age?  
 To find dull envy ev'n that hope deface,  
 And, where you toil'd for glory, reap disgrace?

O! think that beauty waits on thy decree,  
 And thy lov'd loveliest charmer pleads with me.  
 She, whose soft smile, or gentler glance to move,  
 You vow'd the wild extremities of love;  
 In whose endearments years, like moments, flew;  
 For whose endearments millions seem'd too few;

She

She, she implores ; she bids thee seize the prime,  
And tread with her the flow'ry tracks of time ;  
Nor thus her lovely bloom of life bestow  
On some cold lover, or insulting foe.  
Think, if against that tongue thou canst rebel,  
Where love yet dwelt, and reason seem'd to dwell ;  
What strong persuasion arms her softer sighs !  
What full conviction sparkles in her eyes !

See nature smiles, and birds salute the shade,  
Where breathing jacinth screens the sleeping maid :  
And such her charms, as to the vain may prove,  
Ambition seeks more humble joys than love !  
Their busy toil shall ne'er invade thy reign,  
Nor sciences perplex thy lab'ring brain :  
Or none, but what with equal sweets invite ;  
Nor other arts, but to prolong delight :  
Sometimes thy fancy prune her tender wing,  
To praise a pendant, or to grace a ring ;  
To fix the dress that suits each varying mein ;  
To shew where best the clust'ring gems are seen ;  
To sigh soft strains along the vocal grove,  
And tell the charms, the sweet effects of love !  
Nor fear to find a coy disdainful muse ;  
Nor think the sisters will their aid refuse.  
Cool grots, and tinkling rills, or silent shades,  
Soft scenes of leisure ! suit the harmonious maids ;  
And all the wise, and all the grave decree  
Some of that sacred train ally'd to me.

But if more specious ease thy wishes claim,  
And thy breast glow with faint desire of fame.

Some softer science shall thy thoughts amuse,  
 [ And learning's name a solemn sound diffuse :  
 To thee all nature's curious stores I'll bring,  
 Explain the beauties of an insect's wing;  
 The plant, with nature, less diffusely kind,  
 Has to few climes with partial care confin'd ;  
 The shell she scatters with more careless air,  
 And, in her frolics, seems supremely fair :  
 The worth that dazzles in the tulip's stains,  
 Or lurks beneath a pebble's various veins.

Sleep's downy god, averse to war's alarms,  
 Shall o'er thy head diffuse his softest charms ;  
 Ere anxious thought thy dear repose assail,  
 Or care, my most destructive foe, prevail,  
 The wat'ry nymphs shall tune the vocal vales,  
 And gentle zephyrs harmonize their gales,  
 For thy repose, inform, with rival joy,  
 Their streams to murmur, and their winds to sigh.  
 Thus shalt thou spend the sweetly-flowing day,  
 Till lost in bliss thou breath thy soul away :  
 Till she t' Elysian bowr's of joy repair,  
 Nor find thy charming scenes exceeded there."

She ceas'd and on a lily'd bank reclin'd,  
 Her flowing robe wav'd wanton with the wind :  
 One tender hand her drooping head sustains ;  
 One points, expressive to the flow'ry plains.  
 Soon the fond youth perceiv'd her influence roll  
 Deep in his breast, to melt his manly soul :  
 As when *Favonius* joins the solar blaze,  
 And each fair fabric of the frost decays.

Soon, to his breast, the soft harangue convey'd  
 Resolves too partial to the specious maid.  
 He sigh'd, he gaz'd, so sweetly smil'd the dame;  
 Yet sighing, gazing, seem'd to scorn his flame;  
 And oft as virtue caught his wand'ring eye,  
 A crimson blush condemn'd the rising sigh.  
 'Twas such the ling'ring Trojan's shame betray'd,  
 When *Maia's* son the frown of *Jove* display'd;  
 When wealth, fame, empire, could no balance  
 prove,

For the soft reign of *Dido*, and of love.  
 Thus ill with arduous glory love conspires;  
 Soft tender flames with bold impetuous fires!

Some hov'ring doubts his anxious bosom mov'd.  
 And Virtue, zealous fair! thote doubts improv'd.

“ Fly, fly, fond youth, the too indulgent maid,  
 Nor err, by such fantastic scenes betray'd.  
 Tho' in my path the rugged thorn be seen,  
 And the dry turf disclose a fainter green;  
 Tho' no gay rose, or flow'ry product shine,  
 The barren surface still conceals the mine.  
 Each thorn that threatens, ev'n the weed that grows  
 In virtue's path, superior sweets bestows—  
 Yet should those boasted specious toys allure,  
 Whence could fond sloth the flatt'ring gifts pro-  
 cure?

The various wealth that tempts thy fond desire,  
 'Tis I alone, her greatest foe, acquire.  
 I from old ocean rob the treasur'd store;  
 I thro' each region, latent gems explore;

'Twas

'Twas I the rugged brilliant first reveal'd ;  
 By num'rous strata deep in earth conceal'd ;  
 'Tis I the surface yet refine, and show  
 The modest gem's intrinsic charms to glow.  
 Nor swells the grape, nor spires its feeble tree,  
 Without the firm supports of industry.

But grant we stoth the scene herself has drawn,  
 The mossy grotto, and the flow'ry lawn ;  
 Let *Philomela* tune th' harmonious gale,  
 And with each breeze eternal sweets exhale ;  
 Let gay *Pomona* sigh the plains around,  
 And choose for fairest fruits, the favour'd ground.  
 To bless the fertile vale should Virtue cease,  
 Nor mossy grots, nor flow'ry lawns could please ;  
 Nor gay *Pomona*'s luscious gifts avail,  
 The sound harmonious, or the spicy gale.

Sect thou yon rocks in dreadful pomp arise,  
 Whose rugged cliffs deform th' encircling skies ?  
 Those fields, whence *Phæbus* all their moisture drains,  
 And, too profusely fond, disrobes the plains ?  
 When I vouchsafe to tread the barren soil,  
 Those rocks seem lovely, and those deserts smile.  
 The form thou view'st, to ev'ry scene with ease  
 Transfers its charms, and ev'ry scene can please.  
 When I have on those pale hills wilds appear'd,  
 And the lone wand'rer with my presence cheer'd ;  
 Those cliffs the exile has with pleasure view'd,  
 And call'd that desert blissful solitude !

Nor I alone to such extend my care :  
 Fair blooming Health surveys her altars there.



Brown exercise will lead thee where she reigns,  
And with reflected lustre gild the plains,  
With her, in flow'r of youth, and beauty's pride,  
Her offspring, calm Content and Peace, reside.  
One ready offering suits each neighb'ring shrine;  
And all obey their laws who practise mine.

But Health averse from sloth's smooth region flies;  
And, in her absence, Pleasure droops and dies.  
Her bright companions, mirth, delight, repose.  
Smile where she smiles, and sicken when she goes.  
A galaxy of pow'rs ! whose forms appear  
For ever beauteous and for ever near.

Nor will soft sleep to sloth's request incline,  
He from her couches flies, unbid, to mine.  
Vain is the sparkling bowl, the warbling strain,  
Th' incentive song, the labour'd viand vain !  
Where she relentless reigns without controul,  
And checks each gay excursion of the soul :  
Unmov'd, tho' beauty deck'd in all its charms,  
Grace the rich couch and spread the softest arms :  
Till joyless indolence suggests desires ;  
Or drugs are sought to furnish languid fires :  
Such languid fires as on the vitals prey,  
Barren of blifs, but fertile of decay.  
As artful heats, apply'd to thirsty lands,  
Produce no flow'r's, and but debate the sands.

But let fair Health her cheering smiles impart,  
How sweet is nature, how superfluous art !  
'Tis she the fountains ready draught commends,  
And smooths the stony course which fortune lends.

And,

And, when my hero from his toils retires,  
 Fills his gay bosom with unusual fires,  
 And, while no checks th' unbounded joy reprove,  
 Aids and refines the genuine sweets of love.  
 His fairest prosp' & rising trophies frame :  
 His sweetest music is the voice of fame;  
 Pleasures to sloth unknown! she never found  
 How fair the prospect, or how sweet the sound.

See fame's gay structure from yon summit charms,  
 And fires the manly breast to arts or arms :  
 Nor dread the steep ascent, by which you rise  
 From grov'ling vales to tow'rs which reach the skies.

Love, fame, esteem, 'tis labour must acquire;  
 The smiling offspring of a rigid fire!  
 To fix the friend, your service must be shewn ;  
 All, ere they lov'd your merit, lov'd their own.  
 That wond'ring *Greece* your portrait may admire,  
 That tuneful bards may string for you their lyre,  
 That books may praise, or coins record your name.  
 Such, such rewards 'tis toil alone can claim!  
 And the same column which displays to view  
 The conqu'rors name, displays the conquest too.

'Twas slow Experience, tedious mistress! taught  
 All that e'er nobly spoke, or bravely fought.  
 'Twas she the patriot, she the bard refin'd,  
 In arts that serve, protect, or please mankind.  
 Not the vain visions of inactive schools,  
 Not fancy's maxims, not opinion's rules,  
 E'er form'd the man whose gen'rous warmth extends  
 To enrich his country, or to serve his friends.

On active worth the laurel war bestows :  
Peace rears her olive for industrious brows :  
Nor earth, uncultur'd, yields its kind supplies :  
Nor heav'n its show'rs, without a sacrifice.

See far below such grov'ling scenes of shame,  
As lull to rest *Ignavia's* slumb'ring dame.  
Her friends, from all the toils of fame secure,  
Alas ! inglorious, greater toils endure.  
Doom'd all to mourn, who in her cause engage  
A youth enervate, and a painful age !  
A sickly sapless mass, if reason flies ;  
And, if she linger, impotently wise !  
A thoughtless train, who pamper'd, sleek, and gay,  
Invite old age, and revel youth away ;  
From life's fresh vigour move the load of care,  
And idly place it where they least can bear.  
When to the mind, diseas'd for aid they fly,  
What kind reflection shall the mind supply ?  
When, with lost health, what should the loss allay,  
Peace, peace is lost : a comfortless decay ;  
But to my friends, when youth, when pleasure flies,  
And earth's dim beauties fade before their eyes,  
Thro' death's dark villa flow'ry tracks are seen,  
Elysian plains, and groves for ever green.  
If o'er their lives a refluent glance they cast,  
Theirs is the present who can praise the past.  
Life has its bliss for these, when past its bloom,  
As wither'd roses yield a late perfume.  
Serene; and safe from passions stormy rage,  
How calm they glide into the port of age !

Of the rude voyage less depriv'd than eas'd;  
 More tir'd than pain'd, and weaken'd than diseas'd.  
 For health on age, 'tis temp'rance must bestow;  
 And peace from piety alone can flow;  
 And all the incense bounteous *Jove* requires,  
 Has sweets for him who feeds the sacred fires —

Sloth views the tow'rs of fame with envious eyes;  
 Desirous still, still impotent to rise.

Oft, when resolv'd to gain those blissful tow'rs,  
 The pensive queen the dire ascent explores,  
 Comes onward, waded by the balmy trees,  
 Some silvan music, or some scented breeze:  
 She turns her head, her own gay realm she spies,  
 And all the short-liv'd resolution dies.

Thus some fond insect's falt'ring pinions wave,  
 Clasp'd in its fav'rite sweets, a lasting slave:  
 And thus in vain these charming visions please  
 The wretch of glory, and the slave of ease:  
 Doom'd ever in ignoble state to pine,  
 Boast her own scenes, and languish after mine.

But shun her snares: nor let the world exclaim,  
 Thy birth, which was thy glory, prov'd thy shame.  
 With early hope thine infant actions fir'd;  
 Let manhood crown what infancy inspir'd.  
 Let gen'rous toils reward with health thy days,  
 Prolong thy prime, and eternize thy praise.  
 The bold exploit that charms th' attesting age,  
 To latest times shall gen'rous hearts engage;  
 And with that myrtle shall thy shrine be crown'd,  
 With which, alive, thy graceful brows were bound:

Till time shall bid thy virtues freely bloom,  
And raise a temple where it found a tomb.

Then in their feasts thy name shall *Grecians* join;  
Shall pour the sparkling juice to *Jove's* and thine.  
Thine, us'd in war, shall raise their native fire;  
Thine, us'd in peace, their mutual faith inspire:  
Dulness, perhaps, through want of sight, may blame,  
And spleen, with odious industry, defame;  
And that, the honours giv'n, with wonder view,  
And this, in secret sadness, own them due:  
Contempt and envy were by fate design'd  
The rival tyrants which divide mankind;  
Contempt, which none but who deserve can bear;  
While envy's wounds the smiles of fame repair.  
For know, the gen'rous thine exploits shall fire,  
Thine ev'ry friend it suits thee to require,  
Lov'd by the gods, and, till their seats I show,  
Lov'd by the good their images below."

Cease, lovely maid, fair daughter of the skies!  
My guide! my queen! th' ecstatic youth replies:  
In thee I trace a form design'd for sway;  
Which chiefs may court, and kings with pride obey:  
And, by thy bright immortal friends I swear,  
Thy fair idea shall no toils impair.  
Lead me! O lead me where whole hosts of foes  
Thy form depreciate, and thy friends oppose!  
Welcome all toils th' unequal fates decree,  
While toils endear thy faithful charge to thee.  
Such be my cares, to bind th' oppressive hand,  
And crush the fetters of an injur'd land:

To see the monster's noxious life resign'd,  
 And tyrants quell'd, the monsters of mankind !  
 Nature shall smile to view the vanquish'd brood,  
 And none but envy riot unsubdu'd.  
 In cloister'd state let selfish sages dwell,  
 Proud that their heart is narrow as their cell ;  
 And boast their mazy labyrinth of rules,  
 Far less the friends of virtue, than the fools :  
 Yet such in vain thy fav'ring smiles pretend ;  
 For HE is thine, who proves his country's friend.  
 Thus when my life well spent the good enjoy,  
 And the mean envious labour to destroy ;  
 When, strongly lur'd by fame's contiguous shrine,  
 I yet devote my choicer vows to thine ;  
 If all my toils thy promis'd favour claim,  
 O lead thy fav'rite through the gates of fame !

He ceas'd his vows, and, with disdainful air,  
 He turn'd to blast the late exulting fair.

But vanish'd, fled to some more friendly shore,  
 The conscious phantom's beauty pleas'd no more !  
 Convinced her spurious charms of dress and face  
 Claim'd a quick conquest, or a sure disgrace.  
 Fantastic pow'r ! whose transient charms allur'd,  
 While error's mist the reas'ning mind obscur'd :  
 Not such the victress, virtue's constant queen  
 Endur'd the test of truth, and daid be seen.  
 Her bright'ning form and features seem to own,  
 'Twas all her wish, her int'rest to be known :

And,

And, when his longing view the fair declin'd,  
Left a full image of her charms behind.

Thus reigns the moon, with furtive splendour  
crown'd,

While glooms oppress us, and thick shades surround.

But let the source of light its beams display,  
Languid and faint the mimic flames decay,  
And all the sick'ning splendour fades away.

}

T H E

And,



T H E

P R O G R E S S of T A S T E ;

O R,

The F A T E of D E L I C A C Y.

A POEM on the Temper and Studies of  
the AUTHOR; and how great a misfortune  
it is for a man of small estate to have  
much TASTE.

## P A R T T H E F I R S T.

**P**ERhaps some cloud eclips'd the day,  
When thus I tun'd my pensive lay.  
" The ship is lanch'd—we catch the gale—  
On life's extended ocean sail:  
For happiness our course we bend,  
Our ardent cry our gen'ral end!  
Yet ah! the scenes which tempt our care  
Are like the forms dispers'd in air,  
Still dancing near disorder'd eyes;  
And weakest his, who best descries!

Yet let me not my birthright barter,  
(For wishing is the poet's charter;  
All bards have leave to wish what's wanted,  
Tho' few are found their wishes granted;

Extensive

Extensive field! where poets pride them  
In singing all that is deny'd them.)

For humble ease, ye pow'rs! I pray;  
That plain warm suit for ev'ry day!  
And pleasure, and brocade, bestow;  
To flaunt it—once a month, or so.  
The first for constant wear we want;  
The first, ye pow'rs! for ever grant!  
But constant wear the last bespatters,  
And turns the tissue into ratters.

Where'er my vagrant course I bend,  
Let me secure one faithful friend.  
Let me, in public scenes, request  
A friend of wit and taste, well drest:  
And, if I must not hope such favour,  
A friend of wit and taste, however.

Alas! that wisdom ever shuns  
To congregate her scatter'd sons;  
Whose nervous forces well combin'd,  
Would win the field, and sway mankind.  
The fool will squeeze, from morn to night,  
To fix his follies full in sight;  
The note he strikes, the plume he shows,  
Attract whole flights of fops and beaux;  
And kindred fools, who ne'er had known him,  
Flock at the sight, caress and own him.  
But ill starr'd sense, nor gay nor loud,  
Steals soft, on tip-toe, thro' the croud;  
Conveys his meagre form between;  
And slides, like pervious air, unseen:

Contracts his known tenuity,  
 As though 'twere ev'n a crime to be :  
 Nor ev'n permits his eyes to stray,  
 And win acquaintance in their way.  
 In company, so mean his air,  
 You scarce are conscious he is there :  
 Till from some no. k. like sharpen'd steel,  
 Occurs his face's thin profile.  
 Still seeming, from the gazer's eye,  
 Like *Venus*, newly bath'd, to fly.  
 Yet while reluctant he displays  
 His real gem before the blaze,  
 The fool hath in its centre plac'd  
 His taw'dry stock of painted paste.  
 Diffus'd to speak he tries his skill ;  
 Speaks coldly and succeeds but ill ;  
 His pensive manner, dulness deem'd ;  
 His modesty, reserve esteem'd ;  
 His wit unknown, his learning vain,  
 He wins not one of all the train.  
 And those who, mutually known,  
 In friendship's fairest list had shone,  
 Lets prove, than pebbles, to unite,  
 Retire to shades from public sight ;  
 Grow savage quit their social nature ;  
 And starve to study mutual satire.  
 But friends and fav'rites, to chagrine them,  
 Find counties, countries, seas between them :  
 Meet once a year, then part, and then  
 Retiring, wish to meet again.

Sick of the thought, let me provide  
 Some human form to grace my side;  
 At hand, where'er I shape my course;  
 An useful. pliant, stalking horse!  
 No gesture free from some grimace;  
 No seam without its share of lace;  
 But, mark'd with gold, or silver either,  
 Hint where his coat was piec'd together.  
 His legs be lengthen'd, I advise,  
 And stockings roll'd abridge his thighs.  
 What tho' *Vandyck* had other rules,  
 What had *Vandyck* to do with fools?  
 Be nothing wanting, but his mind;  
 Before, a solitaire; behind,  
 A twisted riband, like the track  
 Which nature gives an ass's back.  
 Silent, as midnight! pity 'twere  
 His wisdom's slender wealth to share;  
 And, whilst in flocks our fancies stray,  
 To wish the poor man's lamb away.

This form attracting ev'ry eye,  
 I strole all unregarded by:  
 This wards the jokes of ev'ry kind,  
 As an umbrella sun or wind;  
 Or, like a sponge, absorbs the sallies,  
 And pettilential fumes of malice;  
 Or like a splendid shield, is fit  
 To screen the templar's random wit;  
 Or what some gentler cit lets fall,  
 As wooll-packs quash the leaden ball.

Allusions these of weaker force,  
And apter still the stalking horse !  
O let me wander all unseen,  
Beneath the sanction of his mien !  
As lilies soft, as roses fair !  
Empty as air-pumps drain'd of air !  
With steady eye and pice remark  
The spackled flock that haunts the park \* :  
Level my pen with wondrous heed  
At follies, flocking there to feed :  
And, as my satire bursts amain,  
See feather'd fopp'ry strew the plain.

But when I seek my rural grove,  
And share the peaceful haunts I love,  
Let none of this unhallow'd train  
My sweet sequester'd paths profane.  
Oft may some polish'd virtuous friend  
To these soft-winding vales descend ;  
And love with me inglorious things,  
And scorn with me the pomp of kings :  
And check me, when my bosom burns  
For statues, paintings, coins, and urns.  
For I in *Damon's* pray'r could join,  
And *Damon's* wish might now be mine——  
But all dispers'd ! the wish, the pray'r,  
Are driven to mix with common air.

\* St James's.

## PART THE SECOND.

**H**OW happy once was *Damon's* lot,  
While yet romantic schemes were not !  
Ere yet he sent his weakly eyes,  
To plan frail castles in the skies ;  
Forsaking pleasures cheap and common,  
To court a blaze, still flitting from one.

Ah happy *Damon* ! thrice and more,  
Had taste ne'er touch'd thy tranquil shore.

Oh days ! when to a girdle tied  
The couples gingled at his side ;  
And *Damon* swore he would not barter  
The sportman's girdle for a garter !

Who ever came to kill an hour,  
Found easy *Damon* in their pow'r ;  
Pure social nature all his guide,  
" *Damon* had not a grain of pride."

He wish'd not to elude the snares  
Which knavery plans, and craft prepares ;  
But rather wealth to crown their wiles ;  
And win their universal smiles :  
For who are cheerful, who at ease,  
But they who cheat us as they please !

He wink'd at many a gross design,  
The new-fall'n calf might countermine :  
Thus ev'ry fool allow'd his merit ;

" Yes ! *Damon* had a gen'rous spirit ! "

A coxcomb's jest, however vile,  
Was sure, at least, of *Damon's* smile :

That

That coxcomb ne'er deny'd him sense;  
 For why? it prov'd his own pretence:  
 All own'd, were modelly away,  
*Damon* could shine as much as they.

When wine and folly came in season,  
*Damon* ne'er strove to save his reason;  
 Obnoxious to the mad uproar;  
 A spy upon a hostile shore!  
 'Twas this his company endear'd;  
 Mirth never came till he appear'd;  
 His lodgings——ev'ry draw'r could shew 'em  
 The slave was kick'd, who did not know 'em.

Thus *Damon*, studious of his ease,  
 And pleasing all whom mirth could please;  
 Defy'd the world, like idle *Colley*,  
 To shew a softer word than tolly.  
 Since wisdom's gorgon-shield was known  
 To stare the gazer into stone;  
 He chose to trust in folly's charm,  
 To keep his breast alive and warm.

At length grave learning's sober train  
 Remark'd the trifler with disdain;  
 The sons of taste condemn'd his ways  
 And rank'd him with the brutes that graze:  
 While they to nobler heights aspir'd,  
 And grew belov'd, esteem'd, admir'd.

Hence with our youth, not void of spirit,  
 His old companions lost their merit:  
 And ev'ry kind, well-natur'd set,  
 Seem'd a dull play, without a plot;

Where



Where ev'ry yawning guest agrees,  
 The willing creature strives to please;  
 But temper never could amuse;  
 It barely led us to excuse;  
 'Twas true, conversing, they averr'd,  
 All they had seen, or felt, or heard;  
 Talents of weight! for wights like these,  
 The law might chuse for witnesses:  
 But sure th' attesting dry narration  
 Ill suits a judge of conversation.

\* What were their freedoms? mere excuses  
 To vent ill manners, blows, and bruises.  
 Yet freedom, gallant freedom! hailing,  
 At form, at form, incessant railing,  
 Would they examine each offence,  
 Its latent cause, its known pretence.  
 Penitilio ne'er was known to breed 'em,  
 So sure as fond prolific freedom.  
 Their courage? but a loaded gun;  
 Machine the wife would wish to shun;  
 Its guard unsafe, its lock an ill one,  
 Where accident might fire and kill one.

In short, disgusted out of measure,  
 Thro' much contempt, and slender pleasure,  
 His sense of dignity returns;  
 With native pride his bosom burns;  
 He seeks respect—but how to gain it?  
 Wit, social mirth, could ne'er obtain it:

\* *Boisterous mirth.*

And laughter, where it reigns uncheck'd,  
 Discards and dissipates respect :  
 The man who gravely bows, enjoys it ;  
 But shaking hands, at once destroys it. ↓  
 Precarious plant, which fresh and gay,  
 Shrinks at the touch, and fades away !  
 Come then, reserve ! yet from thy train  
 Banish contempt, and curs'd disdain.  
 Teach me, he cry'd, the magic art  
 To act the decent distant part :  
 To husband well my complaisance,  
 Nor let ev'n wit too far advance ;  
 But chuse calm reason for my theme,  
 In these her royal realms supreme ;  
 And o'er her charms, with caution shown,  
 Be still a graceful umbrage thrown ;  
 And each abrupter period crown'd,  
 With nods, and winks, and smiles profound.  
 Till rescu'd from the croud beneath,  
 No more with pain to move or breathe,  
 I rise with head elate, to share  
 Salubrious draughts of purer air.  
 Respect is won by grave pretence  
 And silence, surer ev'n than sense——

'Tis hence the sacred grandeur springs,  
 Of eastern—and of other kings,  
 Or whence this awe to virtue due,  
 While virtue's distant as *Peru* ?  
 The sheathless sword the guard displays,  
 Which round emits its dazzling rays :

The stately fort, the turrets tall,  
 Portcullis'd gate, and battled wall,  
 Less screens the body, than controuls,  
 And wards contempt from royal souls.

The crowns they wear but check the eye,  
 Before it fondly pierce too high;  
 That dazzled crouds may be employ'd  
 Around the surface of—the void.  
 O! 'tis the statesman's craft profound  
 To scatter his amusements round,  
 To tempt us from their conscious breast,  
 Where full fledg'd crimes enjoy their nest.  
 Nor awes us ev'ry worth reveal'd  
 So deeply, as each vice conceal'd.

The lordly log, dispatch'd of yore,  
 That the frog people might adore,  
 With guards to keep them at a distance,  
 Had reign'd nor wanted wit's assistance:  
 Nay—had addressees from 'is nation,  
 In praise of log-administration.

## PART THE THIRD.

**T**HE buoyant fires of youth were o'er,  
 And fame and fiery pleas'd no more;  
 Productive of that gen'ral stare  
 Which cool reflection ill can bear!  
 And, crouds commencing mere vocation,  
 Retirement sent its invitation.

Romantic scenes of pendant hills,  
 And verdant vales, and falling rills,

And mossy banks the fields adorn,  
Where *Damon*, simple swain, was born,  
The dryads rear'd a shady grove ;  
Where such as think and such as love,  
Might safely sigh their summer's day,  
Or muse their silent hours away.

The orreads lik'd the climate well,  
And taught the level plain to swell,  
In verdant mounds, from whence the eye  
Might all their larger works descry.

The naiads pour'd their urns around,  
From nodding rocks o'er vales profound.  
They form'd their streams to please the view,  
And bade them wind as serpents do :  
And having shewn them where to stray,  
Threw little pebbles in their way.

These fancy, all-sagacious maid,  
Had at their several tasks survey'd :  
She saw and smil'd ; and oft would lead  
Our *Damon*'s foot o'er hill and mead ;  
There, with descriptive finger, trace  
The genuine beauties of the place ;  
And when she all its charms had shown,  
Prescribe improvements of her own.

" See yonder hill, so green, so round,  
Its brow with ambient beeches crown'd !  
'T would well become thy gentle care  
To raise a dome to *Venus* there :  
Pleas'd would the nymphs thy zeal survey,  
And *Venus*, in their arms, repay.

'Twas such a shade, and such a nook,  
 In such a vale, near such a brook.  
 From such a rocky fragment springing,  
 That fam'd *Apollo* chose to sing in.  
 There let an altar wrought with art  
 Engage thy tuneful patron's heart.  
 How charming there to muse and warble  
 Beneath his bust of breathing marble?  
 With laurel wreath, and mimic lyre,  
 That crown a poet's vast desire.  
 Then, near it scoop the vaulted cell  
 Where music's \* charming maids may dwell;  
 Prone to indulge thy tender passion,  
 And make thee many an assignation.  
 Deep in the grove's obscure retreat  
 Be plac'd *Minerva's* sacred seat;  
 There let her awful turrets rise,  
 (For wisdom flies from vulgar eyes):  
 There her calm dictates shalt thou hear  
 Distinctly strike thy list'ning ear:  
 And who would shun the pleasing labour,  
 To have *Minerva* for his neighbour?"

In short, so charm'd each wild suggestion,  
 Its truth was little call'd in question:  
 And *Damon* dream'd he saw the fawns,  
 And nymphs, distinctly skim the lawns;  
 Now trac'd amid the trees, and then  
 Lost in the circling shades again,

\* *The muses.*

'With leer oblique th'ir lover viewing—  
 And *Cupid*—panting—and pursuing—  
 Fancy, enchanting fair, he cry'd,  
 Be thou my goddess! thou my guide!  
 For thy bright visions I despise  
 What toes may think, or friends advise.  
 The feign'd concern, when folks survey  
 Expend, time, study cast away;  
 The real spleen, with which they see:  
 I please myself, and follow thee

Thus glow'd his breast by fancy warm'd;  
 And thus the fairy landscape charm'd.  
 But most he hop'd his constant care  
 Might win the favour of the fair;  
 And, wand'ring late thro' yonder glade,  
 He thus the soft design betray'd.

"Ye doves! for whom I rear'd the grove,  
 With melting lays salute my love!  
 My *Delta* with your notes detain,  
 Or I have rear'd the grove in vain!  
 Ye flow'rs! which early spring supplies,  
 Display at once your brightest dyes!  
 That she your op'ning charms may see;  
 Or what were else your charms to me?  
 Kind zephyr! brush each fragrant flow'r,  
 And shed it odours round my bow'r.  
 Or ne'er again, O gentle wind!  
 Shall I, in thee refreshment find.  
 Ye streams, if e'er your banks I lov'd,  
 If e'er your native sounds improv'd,

May each soft murmur sooth my fair;  
 Or oh 'twill deepen my despair!  
 Be sure, ye willows! you be seen  
 Array'd in liveliest robes of green;  
 Or I will tear your slighted boughs,  
 And let them fade around my brows.  
 And thou, my grott! whole lonely bounds  
 The melancholy pine surrounds!  
 May she admire thy peaceful gloom,  
 Or thou shalt prove her lover's tomb."

And now the lofty domes were rear'd;  
 Loud laugh'd the squires, the rabble star'd.

"See, neighbours, what our *Damon's* doing!  
 I think some folks are fond of ruin!  
 I saw his sheep at random stray—  
 But he has thrown his crook away—  
 And builds such huts as in foul weather,  
 Are fit for sheep nor shepherd neither."

Whence came the sober swain mistled?  
 Why, *Phæbus* put it in his head.  
*Phæbus* befriends him, we are told;  
 And *Phæbus* coins bright tuns of gold.  
 'Twere prudent not to be so vain on't:  
 I think he'll never touch a grain on't,  
 And if, from *Phæbus*, and his muse,  
 Mere earthly laziness ensues;  
 'Tis plain, for aught that I can say,  
 The devil inspires as well as they.  
 So they——while fools of grotlier kind,  
 Less weeting what our bard design'd,



Impute his schemes to real evil ;  
 That in these haunts he met the devil.  
 He own'd, tho' their advice was vain,  
 It suited wights who trode the plain :  
 For dulness——though he might abhor it——  
 In them he made allowance for it.  
 Nor wonder'd, if beholding mottoes,  
 And urns, and domes, and cells, and grottos,  
 Folks, little dreaming of the muses,  
 Were plagu'd to guess their proper uses.

But did the muses haunt his cell ?  
 Or in his dome did *Venus* dwell ?  
 Did *Pallas* in his counsels share ?  
 The *Dehan* god eward his pray'r ?  
 Or did his zeal engage the fair ?  
 When all the structures shone complete ;  
 Not much convenient, wondrous neat ;  
 Adorn'd with gilding, painting, planting,  
 And the fair guests alone were wanting ;  
 Ah me ! ('twas *Damon's* own confession),  
 Came Poverty, and took possession.

#### PART THE FOURTH.

**W**HY droops my *Damon*, whilst he roves  
 Thro' ornamented meads and groves ?  
 Near columns, obelisks, and spires,  
 Which ev'ry critic eye admires ?  
 'Tis Poverty, detested maid,  
 Sole tenant of their ample shade ?

'Tis she that robs him of his ease,  
And bids their very charms displease.

But now by fancy long controll'd,  
And with the sons of taste enroll'd,  
He deem'd it shameful to commence  
First minister to common sense;  
Far more elated to pursue  
The lowest task of dear *vertu*.

And now behold his lousy soul,  
That whilom flew from pole to pole,  
Settle on some elab'rate flow'r;  
And, like a bee, the sweets devour!  
Now, of a rose enamour'd, prove  
The wild solitudes of love!  
Now, in a lily's cup enshrin'd,  
Forego the commerce of mankind!

As in these toils he wore away  
The calm remainder of his day;  
Conducting sun, and shade and show'r,  
As most might glad the new-born show'r,  
So fate ordain'd—before his eye—  
Starts up the long sought butterfly;  
While flutt'ring round, her plumes unfold  
Celestial crimson dropt with gold

Adieu, ye bands of show'rets fair!  
The living beauty claims his care:  
For this he strips—nor bolt, nor chain,  
Could *Damon's* warm pursuit restrain.

See him o'er hill, morass or mound,  
Where-e'er the speckled game is found,

Tho'

Tho' bent with age, with zeal pursue,  
And totter tow'rd's the prey in view.

Nor rock, nor stream, his steps retard,  
Intent upon the blest'd reward :

One vassal fly repays the chace !

A wing a film, rewards the race !

Rewards him, tho' disease attend,  
And in a fatal forfeit end.

So fierce *Camilla* skim'd the plain,  
Smit with the purple's pleasing stain,  
She ey'd intent the glitt'ring stranger,  
And knew, alas ! nor fear nor danger,  
Till deep within her panting heart,  
Malicious fate impell'd the dart !

How studious he what fav'rite food  
Regales dame nature's tiny brood !  
What junkets fat the filmy people !  
And what liquors they chuse to tipple !

Behold him, at some crise prescribe,  
And raise with drugs the sick'ning tribe !  
Or haply, when their spirits fa'ter,  
Sprinkling my Lord of *Cloyne's* tar-water

When nature's brood of insects dies,  
See how he pimps for am'rous flies !  
See him the timely succour lend her,  
And help the wantons to engender :

Or see him guard their pregnant hour ;  
Exert his soft obstetric pow'r ;  
And, lending each his lenient hand,  
With new-born grubs enrich the land !

\* *O Wilkes!* what poet's loftiest lays  
Can match thy labours, and thy praise?  
Immortal fage! by fate decreed  
To guard the moth's illustrious breed!  
Till flutt'ring swarms on swarms arise,  
And all our wardrobes teem with flies!

And must we praise this taste for toys?  
Admire it then in girls and boys  
Ye youths of fifteen years, or more,  
Resign your moths—the season's o'er.  
'Tis time more social joys to prove;  
'Twere now your nobler task—to love.  
Let \*\*\*\*'s eyes more deeply warm;  
Nor, slighting nature's fairest form,  
The bias of your souls determine  
Tow'rd's the mean love of nature's vermin.

But ah! how wondrous few have known,  
To give each stage of life its own?

'Tis the pretexta's utmost bound,  
With radiant purple edg'd around,  
To please the child whose glowing dyes  
Too long delight maturer eyes:  
And few, but with regret, assume  
The plain-wrought labours of the loom.  
Ah! let not me by fancy steer,  
When life's autumnal clouds appear;  
Nor ev'n in learning's long delays  
Consume my fairest, fruitless days:

\* *Alluding to moths and butterflies delineated by Benjamin Wilkes. See his very expensive proposals.*

Like

Like him who should in armour spend  
The sums that armour should defend.  
A while, in pleasure's myrtle bow'r;  
We share her smiles and bleis her pow'r;  
But find at last we vainly strive  
To fix the worst coquette alive.

O you! that with assiduous flame  
Have long pursu'd the faithless dame;  
For she her soft abodes a while,  
And dare her frown, and slight her smile:  
Nor scorn, whatever wits may say,  
The foot path road, the king's highway.  
No more the scrup'lous ch'rmer tease,  
But seek the roofs of honest ease;  
The rival fair no more pursu'd,  
Shall there with forward peace intrude;  
Shall there her ev'ry art essay,  
To win you to her slighted sway;  
And grant your scorn a glance more fair  
Than e'er she gave your fondest pray'r.

But would you happiness pursue?  
Partake both ease and pleasure too?  
Would you, thro' all your days, dispense  
The joys of reason, and of sense?  
Or give to life the most you can!  
Let social virtue shape the plan.  
For does not to the virtuous deed  
A train of pleasing sweets succeed?  
Or, like the sweets of wild desire,  
Did social pleasures ever tire?

Yet, 'midst the groupe be some preferr'd,  
 Be some abhor'd—for *Damon* err'd :  
 And such there are—of fair address—  
 As 'twere unfocial to caress.  
 O learn, by reason's equal rule,  
 To shun the praise of knave, or fool;  
 Then, though you deem it better still  
 To gain some rustic 'squire's good-will;  
 And souls, however mean or vile,  
 Like features, brighten by a smile;  
 Yet reason holds it for a crime,  
 The trivial breast should share thy time :  
 And virtue with reluctant eyes,  
 Beholds this human sacrifice !

Through deep reserve, and air erect,  
 Mistaken *Damon* won respect ;  
 But could the specious homage pass  
 With any creature but an ass ?  
 If conscious they who fear'd the skin,  
 Would scorn the sluggish brute within.  
 What awe struck slaves the tow'rs inclose,  
 Where *Persian* monarchs eat, and doze ?  
 What prostrate rev'rence all agree,  
 To pay a prince they never see !  
 Mere vassals of a royal throne !  
 To saphi's virtues must be shown,  
 To make the reverence his own.

As for *Thalia*—wouldst thou make her  
 Thy bride without a portion?—take her.

She

She will with duteous care attend,  
 And all thy pensive hours befriend;  
 Will swell thy joys will share thy pain;  
 With thee rejoice with thee complain;  
 Will smooth thy pillow, plait thy bow'rs,  
 And bind thine aching head with flow'rs.  
 But be this previous maxim known,  
 If thou canst feed on love alone;  
 If blest'd with her, thou canst sustain  
 Contempt, and poverty, and pain;  
 If so—then rifle all her graces—  
 And fruitful be your fond embraces.

Too soon, by caitiff spleen inspir'd,  
 Sage *Damon* to his groves retir'd:  
 The path disclaim'd by sober reason;  
 Retirement claims a later season;  
 Ere active youth and warm desires  
 Have quite withdrawn their ling'ring fires,  
 With the warm bosom ill agree,  
 Or limpid stream, or shady tree.  
 Love licks within the rosy bow'r,  
 And claims the speculative hour;  
 Ambition finds his calm retreat,  
 And bids his pulse too fiercely beat;  
 Ev'n social friendship duns his ear,  
 And cites him to the public sphere.  
 Does he resist their genuine force?  
 His temper takes some froward course;  
 Till passion, misdirected sighs  
 For weeds, or shells, or grubs, or flies.



Far happiest he, whose early days  
Spent in the social paths of praise,  
Leave, fairly printed on his mind,  
A train of virtuous deeds behind :  
From this rich fund, the mem'ry draws  
The lasting meed of self-applause.

Such fair ideas lend their aid  
To people the sequester'd shade.  
Such are the naiads nymphs, and fawns,  
That haunt his floods, or cheer his lawns.  
If where his devious ramble strays,  
He virtue's radiant form surveys ;  
She seems no longer now to wear  
The rigid mien, the frown severe \* ;  
To shew him her remote abode ;  
To point the rocky ard'ous road :  
But from each flow'r his fields allow,  
She twines a garland for his brow.

\* Alluding to—the allegory in Ceres's tablet.

## O E C O N O M Y.

A RHAPSODY, addressed to young POETS.

*Insanis ; omnes gelidis quicunque lacernis  
Sunt tibi, Nasones Virgiliusque vides.* MART.

## P A R T T H E F I R S T.

**T**O you, ye bards ! whose lavish breast requires  
This monitory lay, the strains belong ?  
Nor think some miser vents his sapient saw,  
Or some dull cit, unfeeling of the charms  
That tempt profusion, sings ; while friendly zeal,  
To guard from fatal ills the tribe he loves,  
Inspires the meanest of the muse's train !  
Like you I lothe the grov'ling progeny,  
Whose wily arts, by creeping time matur'd,  
Advance them high on pow'rs tyrannic throne :  
To lord it there in gorgeous uselessness,  
And spurn successful worth that pines below !

See the rich churl, amid the social sons  
Of wine and wit, regaling ! hark he joins  
In the free jest delighted ! seems to shew  
A meliorated heart ! he laughs ! he sings !  
Songs of gay import, madrigals of glee,  
And drunken anthems set agape the board.  
Like \* *Demea*, in the play, benign and mild,  
And pouring forth benevolence of soul,

\* In Terence's *Adelphi*.

Till *Micio* wonders ; or, in *Shakespear's* line,  
 Obtrep'rous silence , drowning *Shallow's* voice,  
 And startling *Falstaff*, and his mad compeers.

He owns 'tis prudence ever and anon,  
 To smooth his careful brow ; to let his purse  
 Ope to a sixpence's diameter !  
 He likes our ways , he owns the ways of wit  
 Are ways of pleasure, and deserve regard.  
 True we are dainty good society ;  
 But what art thou ? alas ! consider well,  
 Thou bane of social pleasure, know thyself.  
 Thy fell approach, like some invasive damp  
 Breath'd thro' the pores of earth from *Stygian* caves,  
 Destroys the lamp of mirth ; the lamp which we  
 Its flames boast to guard, we know not how :  
 But at thy sight the fading flame assumes  
 A ghastly blue, and in a stench expires.

True, thou seem'st chang'd ; all faint'd, all ensky'd ;  
 The trembling tears that charge thy melting eyes,  
 Say thou art honest, and of gentle kind ;  
 But all is false ! an intermitting sigh  
 Condemns each hour, each moment giv'n to smiles,  
 And deems thee only lost thou dost not lose.  
 Ev'n for a demi-groat this open'd soul,  
 This booncompanion, this elastic breast  
 Revibrates quick ; and sends the tuneful tongue  
 To lavish music on the rugged walls  
 Of some dark dungeon. Hence thou castriff, fly !  
 Touch not my glass, nor drain my sacred bowl,

Monster,

Monster, ingrate! beneath one common sky  
 Why shouldst thou breathe? beneath one common  
     roof

Thou ne'er shalt harbour; nor my little boat  
 Receive a soul with crimes to press it down.  
 Go to thy bags, thou recreant! hourly go,  
 And gazing there, bid them be wit, be mirth,  
 Be conversation. Not a face that smiles  
 Admit thy presence! not a soul that glows  
 With social purport, bid or ev'n r morn  
 Invest thee happy! but when life declines,  
 May thy sure heirs stand titt'ring round thy bed,  
 And, ush'ring in their fav'rites, burst thy locks,  
 And fill their laps with gold; till want and care  
 With joy depart, and cry, "We ask no more."

Ah never, never may th' harmonious mind  
 Endure the worldly! poets ever void  
 Of guile, distrustless, scorn the treasur'd gold,  
 And spurn the miser, spurn his deity.  
 Balanc'd with friendship, in the poet's eye,  
 The rival'd scale of int'rest kicks the beam,  
 Than lightning swifter From his cavern'd store  
 The sordid soul, with self applause, remarks  
 The kind propensity; remarks and smiles,  
 And hies with impious haste to spread the snare.  
 Him we deride, and in our comic scenes  
 Conte n the niggard form *Moliere* has drawn.  
 We lothe with justice; but alas the pain  
 To bow the knee before this calf of gold,  
 Implore his envious aid, and meet his frown!

But

But 'tis not *Gomez*, 'tis not he whose heart  
Is crusted o'er with dross, whose callous mind  
Is senseless as his gold, the slighted muse  
Intensely lothes 'Tis sure no equal task  
To pardon him, who lavishes his wealth  
On racer, fox hound, hawk, or spaniel, all  
But human merit; who with gold essays  
All, but the noblest pleasure, to remove  
The wants of genius, and its smiles enjoy.

But you, ye titled youths! whose nobler zeal  
Would burnish o'er your coronets with fame,  
Who listen pleas'd when poet tunes his lay,  
Permit him not, in distant solitudes,  
To pine, to languish out the fleeting hours  
Of active youth! then virtue pants for praise,  
That season unadorn'd, the careless bard  
Quits your worn threshold, and, like honest *G. y.*,  
Contemns the niggard boon ye time so ill.  
Your favours then, like trophies giv'n the tomb,  
Th' enfranchis'd spirit soaring not perceives,  
Or scorns perceiv'd; and execrates the smile  
Which bade his vig'rous bloom, to treach'rous  
hopes

And servile cares a prey, expire in vain! —

Two lawless pow'rs, engag'd by mutual hate  
In endless war, beneath their flags enroll  
The vassal world. This Avarice is nam'd,  
That Luxury; 'tis true their partial friends  
Assign them softer names; usurpers both!  
That share by dint of arms the legal throne  
Of just œconomy; yet both betray'd

By fraudulent ministers. The niggard chief  
 List'ning to want, all faithless, and prepar'd  
 To join each moment in his rival's train,  
 His conduct models by the needless fears  
 The slave inspires while luxury, a chief  
 Of amplest faith, to plenty's rule resigns  
 His whole campaign. 'Tis plenty's flatt'ring sounds  
 Ingross his ear; 'tis plenty's smiling form  
 Moves still before his eyes. Discretion strives,  
 But strives in vain, to banish from the throne  
 The perjur'd minion. He, secure of trust,  
 With latent malice to the hostile camp  
 Day, night, and hour, his monarch's wealth con-  
 veys.

Ye tow'ring minds! ye sublimated souls!  
 Who, careless of your fortunes, seal and sign,  
 Set, let, contract, acquit, with easier mein  
 Than fops take snuff! whose æconomic care  
 Your green silk purse engrosses! easy, pleas'd,  
 To see gold sparkle thro' the subtle folds;  
 Lovely, as when th' *Hesperian* fruitage smil'd  
 Amid the verd'rous grove! who fondly hope  
 Spontaneous harvests! harvests all the year!  
 Who scatter wealth, as tho' the radiant crop  
 Glitter'd on ev'ry bough; and ev'ry bough  
 Like that the *Trojan* gather'd, once avuls'd,  
 Where by a splendid successor supply'd  
 Instant, spontaneous! listen to my lays.  
 For 'tis not fools, whate'er proverbial phrase  
 Have long decreed, that quit with greatest ease  
 The treasur'd gold, Of words indeed profuse,

Of gold tenacious, their torpescent soul  
Clenches their coin, and what electrical fire  
Shall solve the frosty gripe and bid it flow?  
'Tis genius, fancy, that to wild expence  
Of health! of treasure! stimulates the soul:  
These, with officious care, and fatal art,  
Improve the vinous flavour, these the simile  
Of *Cloe* soften; these the glare of dress  
Illume; the glitt'ring chariot gild anew,  
And add strange wisdom to the furs of pow'r.

Alas! that he amid the race of men.

That he, who thinks of purest gold with scorn,  
Should with unsated appetite demand,  
And vainly court the pleasures it procures!  
When fancy's vivid spark impells the soul  
To scorn quotidian scenes, to spurn the bliss  
Of vulgar minds, what nostrum shall compose  
Its fatal tension? in what lonely vale  
Of balmy med'cine's various field, aspires  
The blest refrigerant? Vain, ah vain the hope  
Of future peace, this orgasm uncontroll'd!  
Impatient, hence, of all, the frugal mind  
Requires; to eat, to drink, to sleep, to fill  
A chest with gold, the sprightly breast demands  
Incessant rapture, life a tedious load,  
Deny'd its continuity of joy.  
But whence obtain? philosophy requires  
No lavish cost; to crown its utmost pray'r  
Suffice the root-built cell, the simple fleece  
The juicy viand, and the crystal stream.  
Ev'n mild stupidity rewards her train  
With cheap contentment. Taste alone requires



Entire profusion ! Days, and nights, and hours,  
 Thy voice, hydropic fancy ! calls aloud  
 For costly draughts, innundant bowls of joy,  
 Rivers of rich regalement ! seas of bliss !  
 Seas without shore ! infinity of sweets !

And yet, unless sage reason join her hand  
 In pleasure's purchase, pleasure is unsure ;  
 And yet, unless œconomy's consent  
 Legitimate expence, some graceless mark,  
 Some symptom ill conceal'd, shall, soon or late,  
 Burst like a pimple from the vicious tide  
 Of acid blood, proclaiming want's disease,  
 Amidst the bloom of shew. The scanty stream  
 Slow loit'ring in its channel, seems to vie  
 With *Vaga's* depth ; but should the sedge pow'r  
 Vain-glorious empty his penurious urn  
 O'er the rough rock, how must his fellow-streams  
 Deride the tinklings of the boastive rill !

I not aspire to mark the dubious path  
 That leads to wealth, to poets mark'd in vain !  
 But ere self flatt'ry soothe the vivid breast  
 With dreams of fortune near ally'd to fame,  
 Reflect how few, who charm'd the listening ear  
 Of satrap or of king, her smiles enjoy'd !  
 Consider well, what meagre alms repay'd  
 The great *Mæonian*, sire of tuneful song,  
 And prototype of all that soar'd sublime,  
 And lest dull cares below, what griefs impell'd  
 The modest bard of learn'd *Eliza's* reign  
 To swell with tears his *Mulla's* parent stream,

And

And mourn aloud the pang, " to ride, to run,  
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."

Why should I tell of *Cowley's* pensive muse  
Belov'd in vain? too copious is my theme!  
Which of your boasted race might hope reward  
Like loyal *Butler*, when the lib'ral *Charles*,  
The judge of wit, perus'd the sprightly page  
Triumphant o'er his foes! Believe not hope,  
The poet's parasite; but learn alone  
To spare the scanty boon the fates decree.  
Poet and rich! 'tis solecism extreme!  
'Tis heighten'd contradiction! in his frame,  
In ev'ry nerve and fibre of his soul,  
The latent seeds and principles of want  
Has nature wove, and fate confirm'd the clue.

Nor yet despair to shun the ruder gripe  
Of penury; with nice precision learn  
A dollar's value. Foremost in the page  
That marks th' expence of each revolving year,  
Place inattention. When the lust of praise,  
Or honour's false idea tempts thy soul  
To slight frugality, assure thine heart  
That danger's near. This perishable coin  
Is no vain ore. It is thy liberty,  
It fetters misers, but it must alone  
Enfranchise thee. The world, the cit-like world  
Bids thee beware; thy little craft essay;  
Nor, pidling with a tea spoon's slender form,  
See with soup ladles devils gormandise

Oeconomy! thou good old aunt, whose mien

Furrow'd

Furrow'd with age and care the wise adore  
 The wits condemn! reserving still thy stores  
 To cheer thy friends at last! why with the cit,  
 Or bookless churl, with each ignoble name,  
 Each earthly nature deign'st thou to reside?  
 And shunning all, who by thy favours crown'd  
 Might glad the world, to seek some vulgar mind  
 Inspiring pride, and selfish shapes of ill?

Why with the old, infirm and impotent,  
 And childless, love to dwell, yet leave the breast  
 Of youth unwarn'd unguided, uninform'd?  
 Of youth, to whom thy monitory voice  
 Were doubly kind? for sure to youthful eyes  
 (How short see'er it prove) the road of life  
 Appears protracted; fair on either side  
 The loves, the graces play, on fortune's child  
 Profusely smiling, well might youth essay  
 The frugal plan the lucrative employ,  
 Source of their favour all the live-long day.  
 But fate assents not. Age alone contracts  
 His meagre palm, to clench the tempting bane  
 Of all his peace, the glittering seeds of care!

O that the muses voice might pierce the ear  
 Of gen'rous youth! for youth deserves her song.  
 Youth is fair virtue's season virtue then  
 Requires the pruner's hand; the sequent stage,  
 It barely vegetates; nor long the space  
 Ere robb'd of warmth its arid trunk display  
 Fell winter's total reign. O lovely source  
 Of gen'rous foibles, youth! when op'ning minds  
 Are honest as the light, lucid as air,

As soft'ring breezes kind. as linnets gay,  
 Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring!  
 Yet hapless state of man! his earliest youth  
 Cozens itself, his age defrauds mankind

Nor deem it strange that rolling years abrade  
 The social bias. Life's extensive page  
 What does it but unfold repeated proofs  
 Of gold's omnipotence? With patriots, friends,  
 Sick'ning beneath its ray, enervate some,  
 And others dead, whose putrid name exhales  
 A noisome scent, the bulky volume teems  
 With kinsmen, brothers, sons, moist'ning the shroud,  
 Or honouring the grave, with specious grief  
 Of short duration: soon in fortune's beams  
 Alert, and wond'ring at the tears they shed.

But who shall save by tame prosaic strain  
 That glowing breast, where wit with youth conspires  
 To sweeten luxury? The fearful muse  
 Shall yet proceed, tho' by the faintest gleam  
 Of hope inspir'd, to warn the train she loves.

## PART THE SECOND.

**I**N some dark season, when the misty shower  
 Obscures the sun, and saddens all the sky;  
 When linnets drop the wing, nor grove nor stream  
 Invites thee forth, to sport thy drooping muse;  
 Seize the dull hour, nor with regret assign  
 To worldly prudence. She, nor nice nor coy,  
 Accepts the tribute of a joyless day;  
 She smiles well pleas'd when wit and mirth recede,

And

And not a grace, and not a muse will hear.  
Then, from majestic *Maro's* awful strain,  
Or tow'ring *Homer*, let thine eye descend  
To trace with patient industry, the page  
Of income and expence. And oh! beware,  
Thy breast, self flatt'ring, place no courtly smile,  
No golden promise of the faithless muse,  
Nor latent mind which fortune's hand may shew,  
Amid thy solid store. The syren's song  
Wrecks on the list'ning sailor half so sure.  
See by what avenues, what devious paths,  
The foot of want, detested, steals along,  
And bars each fatal pass. Some few short hours  
Of punctual care, the refuse of thy year,  
On frugal schemes employ'd shall give the muse  
To sing intrepid many a cheerful day.

But if too soon before the tepid gales  
Thy resolution melt; and ardent vows  
In wary hours preferr'd or die forgot,  
Or seem the forc'd effect of hazy skies;  
Then ere surprise, by whose impetuous rage  
The massy fort, with which thy gentler breast  
I not compare, is won, the song proceeds.

Know too by nature's undiminish'd law,  
Throughout her realms obey'd, the various parts  
Of deep creation, atoms, systems, all!  
Attract and are attract'd; nor prevails the law  
Alone in matter; soul alike with soul  
Aspires to join; nor yet in souls alone,  
In each idea it imbibes, is found

The kind propensity. And when they meet,  
And grow familiar, various though their tribe,  
Their tempers various, vow perpetual faith :  
That, should the world's disjointed frame once more  
To chaos yield the sway, amid the wreck  
Their union should survive ; with *Roman* warmth,  
By sacred hospitable laws endear'd,  
Should each idea recollect its friend.

Here then we fix ; on this perennial base  
Erect thy safety, and defy the storm.  
Let soft profusion's fair idea join  
Her hand with poverty ; nor here desist,  
Till, o'er the groupe that forms their various train,  
Thou sing loud hymeneals Let the pride  
Of outward shew in lasting leagues combine  
With shame thread-bare ; the gay vermilion face  
Of rash intemp'rance, be discreetly pair'd  
With fallow hunger ; the licentious joy,  
With mean dependence ; ev'n the dear delight  
Of sculpture, paint, intaglios, books and coins,  
Thy breast, sagacious prudence ! shall connect  
With filth and beggary ; nor disdain to link  
With black insolvency. Thy soul alarm'd  
Shall shun the tyren's voice ; nor boldly dare  
To bid the soft enchantress share thy breast,  
With such a train of horrid fiends conjoin'd.

Nor think ye sordid race ! ye groveling minds  
I frame the song for you ! for you, the muse  
Could other rules impart. The friendly strain  
For gentler bottoms plann'd, to yours would prove

The juice of lurid aconite, exceed  
Whatever *Colchos* bore, and in your breast  
Compassion, love, and friendship all destroy!

It greatly shall avail, if e'er thy stores  
Increase apace, by periodic days  
Of annual payment, or thy patron's boon,  
The lean reward of gross unbounded praise!  
It much avails, to seize the present hour,  
And, undeliberating, call around  
Thy hungry creditors; their horrid rage  
When once appeas'd, the small remaining store  
Shall rise in weight tenfold, in lustre rise,  
As gold improv'd by many a fierce assay.  
'Tis thus the frugal husbandman directs  
His narrow stream, if o'er its wonted banks  
By sudden rains impell'd, it proudly swell;  
His timely hand through better track conveys  
The quick-decreasing tide; ere borne along  
Or through the wild morafs, or cultur'd field,  
Or bladed grass mature, or barren sands  
It flow destructive, or it flow in vain!  
But happiest he who sanctifies expence  
By present pay! who subjects not his fame  
To tradesmens varlets, nor bequeaths his name,  
His honour'd name, to deck the vulgar page  
Or base mechanic, sordid unsincere!  
There haply, while thy muse sublimely soars  
Beyond this earthly sphere in heaven's abodes,  
And dreams of nectar and ambrosial sweets,  
Thy growing debt steals unregarded o'er



The punctual record; till nor *Phæbus* self—  
 Nor sage *Minerva*'s art can aught avail  
 To soothe the ruthless dun's detested rage.  
 Frantic and fell, with many a curse profane  
 He loads the gentle muse, then hurls thee down  
 To want, remorse, captivity, and shame.

Each public place, the glitt'ring haunts of men,  
 With horror fly. Why loiter near thy bane!—  
 Why fondly linger on a hostile shore  
 Disarm'd, defenceless? why require to tread  
 The precipice? or why alas to breathe  
 A moment's space, where ev'ry breeze is death!  
 Death to thy future peace! Away, collect  
 Thy dissipated mind; contract thy train  
 Of wild ideas o'er the flow'ry fields  
 Of shew diffus'd, and speed to safer climes.  
 Oeconomy presents her glass, accept  
 The faithful mirrour; pow'ful to disclose  
 A thousand forms, unseen by careless eyes,  
 That plot thy fate—Temptation in a robe  
 Of *Tyrian* dye, with ev'ry sweet perfum'd,  
 Besets thy sense; extortion follows close  
 Her wanton step, and ruin brings the rear.  
 These and the rest shall her mysterious glass  
 Embay to thy view; like *Venus*, kind,  
 When to her lab'ring son, the vengeful powers  
 Th' aug'd the fall of *Ilium*, she display'd.  
 He, not imprudent, at the sight declin'd  
 Th' unequal conflict, and deer ed to raise  
 The *Trojan* welfare on some happier shore.

For here to drain thy swelling purse await  
 A thousand arts, a thousand frauds attend,  
 " The cloud wrought canes, the gorgeous snuff  
     boxes,

The twinkling jewels, and the gold etwee,  
 With all its bright inhabitants, shall waste  
 Its melting stores, and in the dreary void  
 Leave not a doit behind." Ere yet exhaust  
 Its flimsy folds offend thy pensive eye,  
 Away! embosom'd deep in distant shades,  
 Nor seen nor seeing, thou may'st vent thy scorn  
 Of lace, embroid'ry, purple, gems, and gold!  
 There of the fardel fop, and essenc'd beau,  
 Ferocious with a stoic's frown, disclose  
 Thy manly scorn, averse to tinsel pomp,  
 And fluent thine harangue. But can thy soul  
 Deny thy limbs the radiant grace of drets,  
 Where dress is merit! Where thy graver friend  
 Shall wish thee burnish'd! where the sprightly fair  
 Demand embellishment! ev'n *Delia's* eye,  
 As in a garden, roves, of hues alone  
 Inquirent, curious? Fly the curs'd domain;  
 These are the realms of luxury and shew;  
 No classic soil, away! the bloomy spring  
 Attracts thee hence; the waning autumn warns;  
 Fly to thy native shades, and dread ev'n there,  
 Lest busy fancy tempt thy narrow state  
 Beyond its bounds. Observe *Florio's* mein.  
 Why treads my friend with melancholy step  
 That beauteous lawn? Why pensive strays his eye

O'er statues, grottos, urns, by critic art  
Proportion'd fair? or from his lofty dome  
Bright glitt'ring thro' the grove, returns his eye  
Unpleas'd, disconsolate? And is it love,  
Disastrous love, that robs the finish'd scenes  
Of all their beauty? cent'ring all in her  
His soul adores? or from a blacker cause  
Springs this remorseful gloom? is conscious guilt  
The latent source of more than love's despair?  
It cannot be within that polish'd breast  
Where science dwells, that guilt should harbour  
there.

No! 'tis the sad survey of present want,  
And past profusion! Lost to him the sweets  
Of yon pavilion, fraught with ev'ry charm  
For other eyes; or, if remaining, proofs  
Of criminal expence! Sweet interchange  
Of river, valley, mountain, woods, and plains!  
How glad some once he rang'd your native turf,  
Your simple scenes, how raptur'd! ere expence  
Had lavish'd thousand ornaments, and taught  
Convenience to perplex him, art to pall,  
Pomp to deject, and beauty to displease.

Oh! for a soul to all the glare of wealth,  
To fortune's wide exhaustless treasury,  
Nobly superiour! but let caution guide  
The coy disposal of the wealth we scorn,  
And prudence be our almoner! Alas!  
The pilgrim wand'ring o'er some distant clime,  
Sworn foe of avarice! not disdains to learn

Its coin's imputed worth; the destin'd means  
 To smoothe his passage to the favour'd shrine.  
 Ah let not us, who tread this stranger-world,  
 Let none who soourn on the realms of life,  
 Forget the land is merc'nary; nor waste  
 His fare, e'er landed on no venal shore.

Let never bard consult *Palladio's* rules;  
 Let never bard. O *Burlington*! survey  
 Thy learned art, in *Chiswick's* dome display'd;  
 Dang'rous incentive! nor with ling'ring eye  
 Survey the window *Venice* calls her own.  
 Better for him, with no ingrateful muse,  
 To sing a requiem to that gentle soul  
 Who plann'd the sky light, which to lavish bards  
 Conveys alone the pure ethereal ray  
 For garrets him, and squalid walls await,  
 Unless presageful, from this friendly strain,  
 He glean advice, and shun the scribbler's doom.

### PART THE THIRD.

**Y**ET once again, and to thy doubtful fate  
 The trembling muse consigns thee. Ere con-  
 tempt,

Or want's empoison'd arrow, ridicule,  
 Transfix thy weak unguarded breast, behold!  
 The poet's rooks, the careless poet's, his  
 Who scorns advice shall close my serious lay  
 When *Gulliver* now great, now little deem'd,  
 The play thing of comparison, arriv'd  
 Where learned bosoms their aerial schemes

Projected, studious of the public weal;  
 'Mid these, one subtler artist he descri'd,  
 Who cherish'd in his dusty tenement  
 The spider's web, injurious, to supplant  
 Fair *Albion's* fleeces! Never, never may  
 Our monarch on such fatal purpose smile,  
 And irritate *Minerva's* beggar'd son's,  
 The *Melksham* weavers! Here in ev'ry nook  
 Their webs they spun; here revell'd uncontroll'd,  
 And, like the flags from *Westminster's* high roof  
 Dependent, here their flutt'ring textures wav'd.  
 Such so adorn'd, the cell I mean to sing!  
 Cell ever squalid! where the sneerful maid  
 Will not fatigue her hand! broom never comes,  
 That comes to all! o'er whose quietcent walls  
*Arachne's* unmolested care has drawn  
 Curtains subtile, and save th' expence of art.

Survey those walls, in sady texture clad,  
 Where wand'ring snails in many a slimy path,  
 Free, unrestrain'd their various journies crawl;  
 Peregrinations strange, and labyrinths  
 Confus'd inextricable! such the clue  
 Of Cretan *Ariadne* ne'er explain'd  
 Hooks! angles! crooks! and involutions wild!  
 Mean time thus silver'd with meanders gay  
 In mimic pride the snail-wrought tissue shines,  
 Perchance of tabby, or of aretine,  
 Not ill expressive! such the pow'r of snails!

Behold his chair, whose fractur'd seat infirm  
 And aged cushion hides! replete with dust

The folliag'd velvet ; pleasing to the eye  
Of great *Eliza's* reign, but now the snare  
Of weary guest, that on the specious bed  
Sits down confiding. Ah ! disastrous wight !  
In evil hour and rashly dost thou trust  
The fraudulent couch ! for tho' in velvet cas'd  
The fated thigh shall kiss the dully floor.  
The trav'ler thus, that o'er Hibernian plains  
Hath shap'd his way, on beds profuse of flow'rs,  
Cowslip, or primrose, or the circ'lar eye  
Of daisie fair, decrees to bask supine.  
And see ! delighted, down he drops, secure  
Of sweet refreshment, ease without annoy,  
Or lucious noon-day nap Ah much deceiv'd,  
Much suffer'ing pilgrim ! thou nor noon day nap,  
Nor sweet repose shalt find ; the false morass  
In quiv'ring undulations yields beneath  
Thy burden, in the miry gulf inclos'd !  
And who would trust appearance ? cast thine eye  
Where 'mid machines of heterogeneous form  
His coat depends ; alas ! his only coat,  
Eldest of things ! and nameless, as an heath  
Of small extent by fleecy myriads graz'd.  
Not different have I seen in dreary vault  
Display'd, a coffin ; on each sable side  
The texture unmolested seems entire.  
Fraudful, when touch'd it glides to dust away !  
And leaves the wond'ring swain to gaze, to stare,  
And with expressive shrug and piteous sigh,  
Declare the fatal force of rolling years,

Or dire extent of frail mortality.

This aged vesture scorn of gazing beaux,  
And formal cits, (themselves too haply scorn'd),  
Both on its sleeve and on its skirt, retains  
Full many a pin wide-sparkling : for if e'er  
Their well-known crest met his delighted eye,  
Tho' wrapt in thought, commercing with the sky,  
He, gently stooping, scorn'd not to upraise,  
And on each sleeve, as conscious of their use,  
Indenting fix them ; nor, when arm'd with these,  
The cure of rents and separations dire,  
And chasms enormous did he view dismay'd  
Hedge, bramble thicket, bush, portending fate  
To breeches, coat, and hose ! had any wight  
Of vulgar skill, the tender texture own'd ;  
But gave his mind to form a sonnet quaint  
Of *Silvia's* shoe-string, or of *Cloe's* fan,  
Or sweetly fashion'd tip of *Celia's* ear.  
Alas ! by frequent use decays the force  
Of mortal art ! the refractory robe  
Eludes the tailor's art, eludes his own ;  
How potent once, in union quaint conjoin'd !

See near his bed (his bed too falsely call'd  
The place of rest, while it a bard sustains ;  
Pale, meagre, muse-rid wight ! who reads in vain  
Narcotic volumes o'er) his candlestick,  
Radiant machine when from the plastic hand  
Of *Mulciber*, the may'r of *Birmingham*,  
The engine issu'd ; now alas disguis'd  
By many an unctuous tide, that wand'ring down

Its



Its sides congeal ; what he, perhaps, essays  
 With humour forc'd, and ill-dissembled smile,  
 Idly to liken to the poplar's trunk,  
 When o'er its bark, the lucid amber, wound  
 In many a pleasing fold incrusts the tree.  
 Or suits him more the winter's candy'd thorn,  
 When from each branch, anneal'd, the works of  
 frost

Pervasive, radiant icicles depend ?

How shall I sing the various ills that wait  
 The careful forneteer ? or who can paint  
 The shifts enormous, that in vain he forms  
 To patch his panelets window ; to cement  
 His batter'd tea-pot, ill-retentive vase ?  
 To war with ruin ? anxious to conceal  
 Want's fell appearance, of the real ill  
 Nor foe, nor fearful. Ruin unforeseen  
 Invades his chattels ; ruin will invade ;  
 Will claim his whole invention to repair,  
 Nor, of the gift, for-tuneful ends design'd,  
 Allow one part to decorate his song,  
 While ridicule, with ever-pointing hand  
 Conscious of ev'ry shift, of ev'ry shift  
 Indicative, his in most plot betrays,  
 Points to the nook, which he his study calls:  
 Pompous and vain ! for thus he might esteem  
 His chest, a wardrobe ; purse, a treasury ;  
 And shews, to crown her tull display, himself.  
 One whom the pow'rs above, in place of health,  
 And wanted vigour ; of paternal cot,

Or little farm ; of bag, or scrip, or staff,  
 Cup, dish, spoon, plate, or worldly utensil,  
 A poet fram'd ; yet fram'd not to repine,  
 And wish the cobbler's loftiest site his own ;  
 Nor, partial as they seem, upbraid the fates,  
 Who to the humbler mechanick join'd  
 Goods so superior, such exalted bliss !

See with what seeming ease, what labour'd peace  
 He, hapless hypocrite ! refines his nail,  
 His chief amusement ! then how feign'd, how forc'd,  
 That care defying sonnet, which implies  
 His debts discharg'd, and he of half a crown  
 In full possession, uncontested right  
 And property ! yet ah ! wh-e'er this wight  
 Admiring view, if such there be, distrust  
 The vain pretence ; the smiles that harbour grief,  
 As lurks the serpent deep in flow'rs enwreath'd.  
 Forewarn'd, be fugal ; or with prudent rage  
 Thy pen demolish ; chase the trustier snail,  
 And bless those labours which the choice inspir'd.  
 But if thou view'st a vulgar mind, a wight  
 Of common sense, who seeks no brighter name,  
 Him envy him admire, him from thy breast,  
 Precient of future dignities salute  
 Sheriff or may'r, in comfortable furs  
 Enwapt, secure : nor yet the laureat's crown  
 In thought exclude him ! He perchance shall rise  
 To nobler heights than foresight can decree.

When fir'd with wrath, for his intrigues display'd  
 In many an idle song, *Saturnian Jove*

Vow'd

Vow'd sure destruction to the tuneful race;  
 Appeas'd by suppliant *Phœbus*, "Bards," he said,  
 "Henceforth of plenty, wealth, and pomp debar'd,  
 But fed by frugal cares, might wear the bay,  
 Secure of thunder."—Low the *Delian* bow'd,  
 Nor at th' invidious favour dar'd repine.



## THE RUIN'D ABBEY.

OR,

### THE EFFECTS OF SUPERSTITION.

**A**T length fair peace with olive crown'd regains  
 Her lawful throne and to the sacred haunts  
 Of wood or fount the frighted muse returns.

Happy the bard, who from his native hills,  
 Soft musing on a summer's eve, surveys  
 His azure stream, with pensile woods inclos'd!  
 Or o'er the glassy surface, with his friend,  
 Or faithful fair, through bird'ring willows green  
 Wafts his small frigate. Fearlets he of shouts,  
 Or taunts, the rhetoric of the wat'ry crew  
 That ape confusion from the realms they rule!  
 Fearless of these; who shares the gentler voice  
 Of peace and music; birds of sweetest song  
 Attune from native boughs their various lay,  
 And cheer the forest, birds of brighter plume  
 With busy pinion skim the glitt'ring wave,

And

Aud tempt the sun ; ambitious to display  
 Their sev'ral merit, while the vocal flute,  
 Or number'd verse, by female voice endear'd,  
 Crowns his delight, and mollifies the scene.

If solitude his wand'ring steps invite  
 To some more deep recess (for hours there are,  
 When gay, when social minds to friendship's voice,  
 Or beauty's charm, her wild abodes prefer) ;  
 How pleas'd he treads her venerable shades,  
 Her solemn courts ! the centre of the grove !  
 The root-built cave, by far extended rocks  
 Around embosom'd, how it soothes the soul ?  
 If scoop'd at first by superstitious hands  
 The rugged cell receiv'd alone the shoals  
 Of bigot-minds, religion dwells not here,  
 Yet virtue pleas'd, at intervals, retires :  
 Yet here may wisdom, as she walks the maze,  
 Some serious truths collect, the rules of life,  
 And serious truths of mightier weight than gold !

I ask not wealth ; but let me hoard with care,  
 With frugal cunning, with a niggard's art,  
 A few fix'd principles, in early life,  
 Ere indolence impede the search, explor'd.  
 Then like old *Latimer*, when age impairs  
 My judgment's eye, when quibbling schools attack  
 My grounded hope, or subtler wits deride.  
 Will I not blush to shun the vain debate,  
 And this mine answer, " Thus, 'twas thus I thought.  
 " My mind yet vigorous, and my soul entire ;  
 " Thus will I think, averse to listen more

" To intricate discussion, prone to stray.  
 " Perhaps my reason may but ill defend  
 " My settled faith ; my mind, with age impair'd,  
 " Too sure its own infirmities declare.  
 " But I am arm'd by caution, studious youth,  
 " And early foresight ; now the winds may rise,  
 " The tempest whistle and the billows roar ;  
 " My pinnace rides in port, despoil'd and worn.  
 " Shatter'd by time and storms, but while it shuns  
 " Th' unequal conflict, and declines the deep,  
 " Sees the strong vessel fluctuate less secure."

Thus while he strays, a thousand rural scenes  
 Suggest instruction, and instructing please.  
 And see, betwixt the grove's extended arms,  
 An abbey's rude remains attract thy view,  
 Gilt by the mid-day sun : with ling'ring step  
 Produce thine axe, (for, aiming to destroy  
 Tree, branch, or shade, for never shall thy breast  
 Too long deliberate) with tim'rous hand  
 Remove th' obstructive bough ; nor yet refuse,  
 Tho' sighing to destroy that fav'rite pine,  
 Rais'd by thine hand, in its luxuriant prime  
 Of beauty fair, that screens the vast remains.  
 Aggriev'd, but constant as the *Roman* fire,  
 The rigid *Manlius*, when his conqu'ring son  
 Bled by a parent's voice ; the cruel meed  
 Of virtuous ardour, timelessly display'd ;  
 Nor cease till, thro' the gloomy road, the pile  
 Gleam unobstructed ; thither oft thine eye  
 Shall sweetly wander ; thence returning, soothe

With pensive scenes thy philosophic mind.

These were thy haunts, thy opulent abodes,  
O superstition! hence the dire disease  
(Balance'd with which the fam'd *Athenian* pest  
Were a short head-ach, were the trivial pain  
Of transient indigestion) seiz'd mankind.

Long time, she rag'd, and scarce a southern gale  
Warm'd our chill air, unloaded with the threats  
Of tyrant *Rome*; but futile all, till she,  
*Rome's* abler legate, magnify'd their pow'r,  
And in a thousand horrid forms attir'd.

Where then was truth, to sanctify the page  
Of *British* annals? if a foe expir'd,  
'The perjur'd monk suborn'd internal shrieks,  
And funds to snatch at the departing soul  
With hellish emulation. If a friend,  
High o'er his roof exultant angels tune  
Their golden lyres, and waft him to the skies.

What then were vows, were oaths, were plighted  
faith?

The sov'reign's just, the subject's loyal pact  
To cherish mutual good, annull'd and vain,  
By *Roman* magic, grew an idle scroll,  
Ere the frail sanction of the wax was cold.

With thee, \* *Plantagenet*, from civil broils  
The land a while respir'd, and all was peace.  
Then *Becket* rose, and impotent of mind,  
From regal courts with lawless fury march'd  
The church's blood-stain'd convicts, and forgave!  
Bid murd'rous priests the sov'reign frown contemn,

And with unhallow'd crosier bruise'd the crown.

Yet yielded not supinely tame a prince  
Of Henry's virtues; learn'd, courageous, wise,  
Of fair ambition. Long his regal soul,  
Firm and erect the peevish priest exil'd,  
And brav'd the fury of revengeful Rome.  
In vain! let one faint malady diffuse  
The pensive gloom which Superstition loves,  
And see him, dwindled to a recreant groom,  
Rein the proud palFREY, while the priest ascends!

Was \* *Coeur de lion* blest'd with whiter days?  
Hear the cowl'd zealots with united cries  
Urg'd the crusade; and see, of half his stores  
Despoil'd the wretch, whose wiser bosom chose  
To blest his friends, his race his native land.

Of ten fair suns that roll'd their annual race  
Not one beheld him on his vacant throne:  
While haughty † *Longchamp*, 'mid his liv'ry'd files  
Of wanton vassals, spoil'd his faithful realm,  
Battling in foreign fields; collecting wide  
A laurel-harvest for a pillag'd land.

Oh dear-bought trophies! when a prince deserts  
His drooping realm, to pluck the barren sprays!

When faithless *John* usurp'd the sully'd crown,  
What ample tyranny! the groaning land  
Deem'd earth, deem'd heav'n its foe! six tedious  
years

Our helpless fathers in despair obey'd

\* *Richard I.* † *Bishop of Ely, Lord Chancellor.*

The



The papal interdict; and who obey'd,  
The sov'reign plunder'd. O inglorious days!  
When the *French* tyrant, by the futile grant  
Of papal rescript, claim'd *Britannia's* throne,  
And durst invade; be such inglorious days  
Or hence forgot, or not recall'd in vain!

Scarce had the tortur'd ear dejected heard  
*Rome's* loud anathema, but heartless, dead  
To ev'ry purpose, men nor wish'd to live,  
Nor dar'd to die. The poor laborious hind  
Heard the dire curse, and from his trembling hand  
Fell the neglected crook, that rul'd the plain.  
Thence journeying home, in ev'ry cloud he sees  
A vengeful angel, in whose waving scroll  
He reads damnation; sees its sable train  
Of grim attendants, pencil'd by despair!

The weary pilgrim from remoter climes  
By painful steps arriv'd; his home, his friends,  
His offspring left, to lavish on the shrine  
Of some far honour'd saint his costly stores,  
Inverts his footstep; sickens at the sight  
Of the barr'd fane, and silent sheds his tear.

The wretch whose hope by stern oppression chac'd  
From ev'ry earthly bliss, still as it saw  
Triumphant wrong took wing and flew to heav'n,  
And rested there, now mourn'd his refuge lost  
And wonted peace. The sacred fane was barr'd,  
And the lone altar, where the mourners throng'd  
To supplicate remission, smok'd no more;  
While the green weed, luxuriant round uprose.

Some from their death-bed, whose delirious faith  
 Thro' ev'ry stage of life to *Rome's* decrees  
 Obsequious, humbly hop'd to die in peace,  
 Now saw the ghastly king approach, begirt  
 In tenfold terrors, now expiring heard  
 The last loud clarion sound, and heav'n's decree  
 With unremitting vengeance bar the skies.  
 Nor light the grief by superstition weigh'd.  
 That their dishonour'd corse, shut from the verge  
 Of hallow'd earth, or tutelary fane,  
 Must sleep with brutes their vassals, on the field;  
 Unneath some path, in marle unexorcised!  
 No solemn bell extort a neighbour's tear!  
 No tongue of priest pronounce their soul secure!  
 Nor fondest friend assure their peace obtain'd!

The priest! alas so boundless was the ill!  
 He, like the flock he pillag'd, pin'd forlorn;  
 The vivid vermeil fled his fady cheek,  
 And his big paunch, distended with the spoils  
 Of half his flock; emaciate, groan'd beneath  
 Superior pride, and mightier lust of pow'r!  
 'Twas now *Rome's* fondest friend, whose meagre  
 hand

Told to the midnight lamps his holy beads  
 With nice precision, felt the deeper wound  
 As his gull'd soul rever'd the conclave more.

Whom did the ruin spare? for wealth, for pow'r,  
 Birth, honour, virtue. enemy, and friend,  
 Sunk helpless in the dreary gulf involv'd;  
 And one capricious curse envelop'd all!

Were kings secure ? in tow'ring stations born,  
In flatt'ry nurs'd, inur'd to scorn mankind,  
Or view diminish'd from their site sublime ;  
As when a shepherd, from the lofty brow  
Of some proud cliff, surveys his less'ning flock  
In snowy groups diffusive, scud the vale.

A while the furious menace *John* return'd,  
And breath'd defiance loud. Alas ! too soon  
Allegiance sickn'ning saw its sov'reign yield,  
An angry prey to scruples not his own.  
The loyal soldier, girt around with strength,  
Who stole from mirth and wine his blooming years,  
And seiz'd the faulchion, resolute to guard  
His sov'reign's right, impalsy'd at the news,  
Finds the firm bias of his soul revers'd  
For foul desertion ; drops the lifted steel,  
And quits fame's noble harvest, to expire  
The death of monks, of surfeit, and of sloth !

At length, fatigu'd with wrongs, the servile king  
Drain'd from his land its small remaining stores  
To buy remission. But could these obtain ?  
No ! resolute in wrongs, the priest obdur'd ;  
Till crawling base to *Rome's* deputed slave,  
His fame, his people, and his crown he gave.  
Mean monarch ! slighted, brav'd, abhorr'd before !

And now, appeas'd by delegated sway,  
The wily pontiff scorns not to recall  
His interdictions. Now the sacred doors  
Admit repentant multitudes, prepar'd  
To buy deceit ; admit obsequious tribes

Of satraps! princes! crawling to the shrine  
 Of sainted villany! the pompous tomb  
 Dazzling with gems and gold, or in a cloud  
 Of incense wreath'd, amidst a drooping land  
 That sigh'd for bread! 'Tis thus the *Indian* clove  
 Displays its verdant leaf, its crimson flow'r,  
 And sheds its odours; while the flocks around,  
 Hungry and faint, the barren sands explore  
 In vain! nor plant nor herb endears the soil;  
 Drain'd and exhaust to swell its thirsty pores,  
 And furnish luxury—Yet, yet in vain  
*Britannia* strove; and whether artful *Rome*  
 Carefs'd or curs'd her, Superstition rag'd,  
 And blinded, fetter'd, and despoil'd the land.

At length some murd'rous monk, with pois'nous  
 art

Expell'd the life his brethren robb'd of peace.

Nor yet surceas'd with *John's* disastrous fate  
 Pontific fury! *English* wealth exhaust,  
 The sequent reign beheld the beggar'd shore  
 Grim with *Italian* usurers; prepar'd  
 To lend for gripping unexampled hire,  
 To lend—what *Rome* might pillage uncontroll'd.

For now with more extensive havock rag'd  
 Relentless *Greg'ry*, with a thousand arts,  
 And each rapacious, born to drain the world!  
 Nor shall the muse repeat, how oft he blew  
 The croise's trumpet; then for sums of gold

Annul'd

Annul'd the vow, and bade the false alarm  
 Swell the gross hoards of *Henry*, or his own.  
 Nor shall she tell, how pontiffs dar'd repeal  
 The best of charters ! dar'd absolve the tie  
 Of *British* kings by legal oath restrain'd.  
 Nor can she dwell on argosies of gold  
 From *Abi-n*'s realm to servile shores convey'd,  
 Wrung from her sons, and speeded by her kings !  
 Oh irksome days ! when wicked thrones combine  
 With papal craft to gull their native land !

Such was our fate, while *Rome*'s director taught  
 Of subjects, born to be their monarch's prey,  
 To toil for monks, for gluttony to toil,  
 For vacant gluttony, extortion, fraud,  
 For av'rice, envy, pride, revenge, and shame !  
 O doctrine breath'd from Stygian caves ! exhal'd  
 From inmost *Erebus* !—Such *Henry*'s reign !  
 Urging his loyal realms reluctant hand  
 To wield the peaceful sword, by *John* erewhile  
 Forc'd from its scabbard ; and with burnish'd lance  
 Essay the savage cure, domestic war !

And now some nobler spirits chae'd the mist  
 Of gen'ral darkness. *Grosted* \* now adorn'd  
 The mitred wreath he wore, with reason's sword  
 Stagg'ring delusion's frauds ; at length beneath  
*Rome*'s interdict expiring calm, resign'd  
 No vulgar soul that dar'd to heav'n appeal !  
 But ah this fertile glebe, this fair domain

\* *Bishop of Lincoln, called, Malleus Romanorum.*

Had well nigh ceded to the slothful hands  
 Of monks libidinous; ere *Edward's* care  
 The lavish hand of death-bed fear restrain'd.  
 Yet was he clear of superstition's taint !  
 He too, misdeemful of his wholesome law,  
 Ev'n he, expiring, gave his treasur'd gold  
 To fatten monks on *Salem's* distant soil !

Yes, the third *Edward's* breath, to papal sway  
 So little prone and fierce in honour's cause,  
 Could superstition quell ! before the tow'rs  
 Of haggard *Paris*, at the thunder's voice  
 He drops the sword, and signs ignoble peace !

But still the night by *Romish* art diffus'd  
 Collects her clouds, and with slow pace recedes.  
 When by soft *Eurdeau's* braver queen approv'd,  
 Bold *Wickliff* rose ; and while the bigot pow'r  
 Amidst her native darkness sculk'd secure,  
 The demon vanish'd as he spread the day.  
 So from his bosom *Cacus* breath'd of old  
 The pitchy cloud, and in a night of smoke  
 Secure a while his recreant life sustain'd ;  
 Till fam'd *Alcides*, o'er his subtlest wiles  
 Victorious, cheer'd the ravag'd nations round.

Itail honour'd *Wickliff* ! enterprising sage !  
 An *Epicurus* in the cause of truth !  
 For 'tis not radiant suns, the jovial hours  
 Of youthful spring, an ether all serene,  
 Nor all the verdure of *Campania's* vales,  
 Can chase religious gloom ! 'Tis reason, thought,  
 The light, the radiance that pervades the soul,

And

And sheds its beams on heav'n's mysterious way!  
 As yet this light but glimmer'd, and again  
 Error prevail'd; while kings by force uprais'd,  
 Let loose the rage of bigots on their foes,  
 And seek affection by the dreadful boon  
 Of licens'd murder. Ev'n the kindest prince,  
 The most extended breast, the royal *Hal*!  
 All unrelenting heard the *Lollards* cry  
 Burst from the centre of remorseless flames;  
 Their shrieks endur'd! Oh stain to martial praise!  
 When *Colham*, gen'rous as the noble peer  
 That wears his honours, paid the fatal price  
 Of virtue blooming ere the storms were laid!

'Twas thus, alternate, truth's precarious flame  
 Decay'd or flourish'd. With malignant eye  
 The pontiff saw *Britannia's* golden fleece,  
 Once all his own, invest her worthier sons!  
 Her verdant valleys, and her fertile plains,  
 Yell w with grain, abjure his hateful sway!  
 Essay'd his utmost art, and inly own'd  
 No labours bore proportion to the prize.

So when the tempter view'd with envious eye,  
 The first fair pattern of the female frame,  
 All nature's beauties in one form display'd,  
 And cent'ring there, in wild amaze he stood;  
 Then only envying Heav'n's creative hand:  
 With'd to his gloomy reign his envious arts  
 Might win this prize, and doubled ev'ry snare.

And vain were reason, courage, learning, all,  
 Till pow'r accede: till *Tuder's* wild caprice

Smile



Smile on their cause ; *Tudor*, whose tyrant reign  
 With mental freedom crown'd, the best of kings  
 Might envious view, and ill prefer their own !  
 Then *Wolfey* rose, by nature form'd to seek  
 Ambition's trophies, by address to win,  
 By temper to enjoy—whose humbler birth  
 Taught the gay scenes of pomp to dazzle more.

Then from its tow'ring height with horrid sound  
 Rush'd the proud abbey Then the vaulted roofs,  
 Torn from their walls, disclos'd the wanton scene  
 Of monkish chastity ! Each angry friar  
 Crawl'd from his bedded strumpet, mutt'ring low  
 An ineffectual curse. The pervious nooks  
 That, ages past, convey'd the guileful priest  
 To play some image on the gaping croud,  
 Imbibe the novel day-light ; and expose  
 Obvious, the fraudulent engin'ry of *Rome*.  
 As though this op'ning earth to nether realms  
 Should flash meridian day. the hooded race  
 Shudder abash'd to find their cheats display'd ;  
 And conscious of their guilt, and pleas'd to wave  
 Its fearful meed, resign'd their fair domain.

Nor yet supine, nor void of rage, retir'd  
 The pest gigantic ; whose revengeful stroke  
 Ting'd the red annals of *Maria's* reign  
 When from the tend'rest breast. each wayward priest  
 Could banish mercy, and implant a fiend !  
 When cruelty the fun'ral pyre uprear'd,  
 And bound religion there, and fir'd the base !  
 When the same blaze, which on each tortur'd limb

Fed with luxuriant rage, in ev'ry face  
 Triumphant faith appear'd, and smiling hope.  
 O blest'd *Eliza*! from thy piercing beam  
 Forth flew this hated fiend, the child of *Rome*;  
 Div'n to the verge of *Albion*, linger'd there,  
 Then with her *James* receding, cast behind  
 One angry frown, and sought more servile climes.  
 Henceforth they ply'd the long-continu'd task  
 Of righteous havock, cov'ring distant fields  
 With the wrought remnants of the shatter'd pile.  
 While through the land the musing pilgrim sees  
 A track of brighter green, and in the midst  
 Appears a mould'ring wall, with ivy crown'd!  
 Or *Gothic* turret pride of ancient days!  
 Now but of use to grace a rural scene;  
 To bound our vistas, and to glad the sons  
 Of *George's* reign, reserv'd for fairer times!



## LOVE AND HONOUR.

*Sed neque Medorum silva, ditissima terra  
 Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbinus Hemus,  
 Laudibus Angligenum certent: non Baſtra, nec Indi,  
 Totæque thuriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis.*

**L**ET the green olive glad *Hesperian* shores;  
 Her tawny citron, and her orange-groves,

These let *Iberia* boast ; but if in vain,  
 To win the stranger plant's diffusive smile,  
 The *Briton* labours, yet our native minds,  
 Our constant bosoms these the dazzled world  
 May view with envy ; these *Iberian* dames  
 Survey with fix'd esteem and fond desire.

Hapless *Elvira* ! thy disastrous fate  
 May well this truth explain ; nor ill adorn  
 The *British* lyre ; then chiefly, if the muse,  
 Nor vain, nor partial, from the simple guise  
 Of ancient record catch the pensive lay ;  
 And in less grov'ling accents give to fame.  
*Elvira* ! loveliest maid ! th' *Iberian* realm  
 Could boast no purer breast, no sprightlier mind,  
 No race more splendid, and no form so fair.  
 Such was the chance of war, this peerless maid  
 In life's luxuriant bloom, enrich'd the spoil  
 Of *British* victors, vict'ry's noblest pride !  
 She, she alone, amid the wailful train,  
 Of captive maids assign'd to *Henry's* care ;  
 Lord of her life, her fortune, and her fame !  
 He, gen'rous youth, with no penurious hand,  
 The tedious moments that unjoyous roll  
 Where freedom's cheerful radiance shines no more,  
 Essay'd to soften ; conscious of the pang  
 That beauty feels, to waste its fleeting hours  
 In some dim fort by foreign rule restrain'd,  
 Far from the haunts of men, or eye of day !

Sometimes, to cheat her bosom of its cares  
 Her kind protector number'd o'er the toils

Himself

Himself had worn : the frowns of angry seas,  
Or hostile rage, or faithless friend, more fell  
Than storm or foe : if haply she might find  
Her cares diminish'd fruitless fond essay !  
Now to her lovely hand, with modest awe  
The tender lute he gave : she not averse  
Nor destitute of skill, with willing hand  
Call'd forth angelic strains ; the sacred debt  
Of gratitude she paid, whose just commands  
Still might her hand with equal pride obey !

Nor to the melting sounds the nymph refus'd  
Her vocal art ; harmonious, as the strain  
Of some imprison'd lark, who daily cheer'd  
By guardian cares, repays them with a song :  
Nor droops, nor deems sweet liberty resign'd.

The song, not artless, had she fram'd to paint  
Disastrous passion ; how by tyrant laws  
Of idot custom sway'd, some soft-ey'd fair,  
Lov'd only one ; nor dar'd that love reveal !  
How the tort anguish banish'd from her cheek  
The damask rose full-blown, a fever came,  
And from her bosom forc'd the plaintive tale.  
Then, swift as light, he sought the love-lorn maid,  
But vainly sought her : torn by swifter fate  
To join the tenants of the myrtle shade,  
Love's mournful victims on the plains below.

Sometimes, as fancy spoke the pleasing task,  
She taught her artful needle to display  
The various pride of spring ; then swift upsprung  
Thickets of myrtle, eglantine, and rose :

There might you see, on gentle toils intent,  
A train of busy loves; some pluck the flow'r,  
Some twine the garland, some with grave grimace  
Around a vacant warrior cast the wreath.

'Twas paint, 'twas life! and sure to piercing eyes  
The warrior's depictur'd *Henry's* mien.

Now had the gen'rous chief with joy perus'd  
The royal scroll, which to their native home,  
Their ancient rights, uninjur'd, unredeem'd,  
Restor'd the captives. Forth with rapid haste  
To glad his fair *Elvira's* ear, he sprung;  
Fir'd by the bliss he panted to convey;  
But fir'd in vain! ah! what was his amaze,  
His fond distress, when o'er her pallid face  
Dejection reign'd, and from her lifeless hand  
Down dropt the myrtle's fair unfinish'd flow'r!  
Speechless she stood; at length with accents faint,  
" Well may my native shore," she said, " rebound  
" Thy monarch's praise; and ere *Elvira* prove  
" Of thine forgetful, flow'rs shall cease to feel  
" The soft'ring breeze, and nature change her laws."

And now the grateful edict wide alarm'd  
The *British* host. Around the smiling youths  
Call'd to their native scenes, with willing haste  
Their fleet unmoor; impatient of the love  
That weds each bosom to its native soil.  
The patriot passion! strong in ev'ry clime,  
How justly theirs, who find no foreign sweets  
To dissipate their loves, or match their own.

Not so *Elvira*! she, disastrous maid,  
Was doubly captive! pow'r nor chanc could loose

The

The subtle bands, she lov'd her gen'rous foe.  
 She, where her *Henry* dwelt, her *Henry* smil'd,  
 Could term her native shore; her native shore  
 By him deserted, some unfriendly strand,  
 Strange, bleak, forlorn! a desert waste and wild.

The fleet career'd, the wind propitious fill'd  
 The swelling sails, the glitt'ring transports wav'd  
 Their pennants gay, and halcyons azure wing  
 Wit' slight auspicious skimm'd the placid main.

On her lone couch in tears *Elvira* lay,  
 And chid th' officious wind the tempting sea,  
 And wish'd a storm as mercilefs, as tore  
 Her lab'ring bosom. Fondly now she strove  
 To banish passion, now the vassal days,  
 The captive moments that so smoothly pass,  
 By many an art recall'd; now from her lute  
 With trembling fingers call'd; the fav'rite sounds  
 Which *Henry* deign'd to praise; and now essay'd  
 With mimic chains of liken fillets wove  
 To paint her captive state, if any fraud  
 Might to her love the pleasing scenes prolong,  
 And with the dear idea feast the soul.

But now the chief return'd, prepar'd to launch  
 On ocean's wilding beast, and bid adieu  
 To his fir' prisoner. She, soon as she heard  
 His hated errand, now no more conceal'd  
 The raging flame, but with a spreading blush,  
 And rising sigh, the latent pang diffus'd.

"Yes gen'rous youth! see thy bosom glow  
 With virtuous transport, that the task is thine.

To

To solve my chains; and to my weeping friends,  
 And ev'ry longing relative, restore  
 A soft-ey'd maid, a mild offenceless prey!  
 But know, my soldier, never youthful mind,  
 Torn from the lavish joys of wild expence  
 By him he loth'd, and in a dungeon bound  
 To languish out his bloom, could catch the pains  
 This ill-fair'd freedom gives my tortur'd mind.

What call I freedom? is it that these limbs  
 From rigid bolts secure, may wander far  
 From him I love? Alas, ere I may boast  
 That sacred blessing, some superiour pow'r  
 To mortal kings, to sublunary thrones,  
 Must loose my passion, must unchain my soul,  
 Ev'n that I lothe; all liberty I lothe!  
 But most the joyless privilege to gaze  
 With cold indifference where detest is love.

True, I was born an alien to those eyes  
 I ask alone to please; my fortune's crime!  
 And ah! this flatter'd form, by dress endear'd  
 To *Spanish* eyes, by rets may thine offend  
 Whilst I, ill fated maid! ordain'd to thrive  
 With custom's load, beneath its weight expire.

Yet *Henry's* beauties knew in foreign garb  
 To vanquish me; his form, how'er disguis'd,  
 To me were fatal! no fantastic robe  
 That e'er caprice invented, custom wore,  
 Or folly smil'd on, could eclipse thy charms.

Perh'ps by birth decreed thy fortune plac'd  
 Thy country's foe, *Elvira's* warmest plea,



Seems but the subtler accent fraud inspires;  
 My tenderest glances but the specious flow'rs  
 That shade the viper while she plots her wound,  
 And can the trembling candidate of love  
 Awake thy fears? and can a female breast  
 By ties of grateful duty bound, entreat?  
 Is there no brighter mien, no softer smile  
 For love to wear, to dark deceit unknown?  
 Heav'n search my soul, and if through all its cells  
 Lurk the pernicious drop of poisonous guile,  
 Full on my defenceless head its phœbe's wrath  
 May fate exalt; and for my happiest hour  
 Exalt the vengeance I prepare for thee!

Ah me! nor *Henry's* nor his country's foe,  
 On thee I gaz'd, and reason soon dispell'd  
 Dim error's gloom, and to thy favour'd isle  
 Assign'd its total merit, unrettain'd.  
 Oh! lovely region to the canid eye!  
 'Twas there my fancy saw the virtues dwell,  
 The loves, the graces play, and bless'd the soil  
 That nurtur'd thee! for sure the virtues form'd  
 Thy generous breast: the loves, the graces plann'd  
 Thy shapely limbs. Relation, birth, enjoy'd  
 Their partial pow'r in vain: gain'd, gaz'd,  
 And *Astion's* isle appear'd amidst a track  
 Of savage wastes, the darling of the skies!  
 And thou by nature form'd by fate assign'd  
 To inherit the genius of thy native shore

'Tis true, with flow'rs, with many a dazzling  
 scene

Of burnish'd plants to lure a female eye,  
*Iberia* glows: but ah! the genial sun,  
 That gilds the lemon's fruit or scents the flow'r,  
 On *Spanish* minds, a nation's nobler boast!  
 Beams forth ungentle influences. There  
 Sits jealousy enthron'd, and at each ray  
 Exultant lights his slow consuming fires.  
 Not such thy charming region; long before  
 My sweet experience taught me to decide  
 Of *English* worth, the sound had pleas'd mine ear.  
 Is there that savage coast, that rude sojourn  
 Stranger to *British* worth? the worth which forms  
 The kindest friends; the most tremendous foes;  
 First, best supporters of liberty and love!  
 No, let suspected *India*, while she throws  
 O'er *Spanish* deeds the veil, your praise resound.  
 Long as I heard, or ere in story read  
 Of *English* fame, my bias'd partial breast  
 Wish'd them success, and happiest she, I cry'd,  
 Of woman happiest she who shares the love,  
 The fame, the virtues of an *English* lord  
 And now what shall I say? blest be the hour  
 Your fair built vessels touch'd th' *Iberian* shores:  
 Blest did I say the time? if I may bless  
 That lov'd event, let *Henry's* smiles declare.  
 Our hearts and cities won will *Henry's* youth  
 Forego its nobler conquest? will no slight  
 The soft endearments of the lovelier oil?  
 And yet *Iberia's* sons, with ev'ry vow  
 Of lasting faith, have sworn these humble charms

Were

Were not excell'd; the source of all their pains,  
And love her just desert, who sues for love;  
But sues to thee, while natives sigh in vain.

Perhaps in *Henry's* eye (for vulgar minds  
Dissent from his) it spread an hateful stain  
On honest *me*, amid his train to bear  
A female friend. Then learn, my gentle youth!  
Not Love himself, with all the pointed pains  
That store his quiver shall reduce my soul  
From honour's Laws. *Elvira* once deny'd  
A consort's name, more swift than light'ning flies,  
When elements discordant vex the sky  
Shall blushing from the form she loves retire.

Yet is the specious wish, the vulgar voice,  
His titled prudence tways a soul like thine,  
In gems or gold what proud *Iberian* dame  
Eclipses me? nor paint the dreary storms  
Or hair-breath 'scapes that haunt the boundless  
deep,

And force from tender eyes the silent tear;  
When men's to the pensive mind suggests  
In full contrast, the safe domestic scene  
For those resign'd Beyond the front e rage  
Of conqu'ring heroes brave, the female mind,  
When steel'd by love, in love's most horrid way  
Beholds not danger, or beholding fears,  
Heav'n take my life but let it crown my love."

She ceas'd and ere his words her fate decreed,  
Impatient, watch'd the language of his eye:  
There pity dwelt, and from its tender sphere

Sent looks of love, and faithless hope inspir'd.

"Forgive me, gen'rous maid," the youth re-  
turn'd,

"If by thy accents charm'd, thus long I bore

To let such sweetness plead, alas! in vain!

Thy virtue merits more than crowns can yield

Of solid bliss or happiest love bestow.

But ere from native shores I plough'd the main,

To one dear maid, by virtue and by charms

Alone endear'd, my plighted vows I gave;

To guard my faith, whatever chance should wait

My warring sword: if conquest, fame, and spoil,

Grac'd my return, before her feet to pour

The glittering treasure, and the laurel wreath;

Enjoying conquest then and fame and spoil.

If fortune frown'd adverse: and death forbade

The blissful union, with my latest breath

To dwell on *Midway's* and *Maria's* name.

This ardent vow deep-rooted from my soul

No dangers tore; this vow my bosom fir'd

To conquer danger, and the spoil enjoy.

Her shall I leave, with fair events elate,

Who crown'd mine humblest fortune with her love?

Her shall I leave, who now perchance alone

Climbs the proud cliff and chides my slow return?

And shall that vessel, while approaching sails

Shall swell her breast with ecstasies, convey

Death to her hopes, and anguish to her soul?

No! may the deep my villain-curse devour,

If all the wealth *Iberian* mines conceal,

If all the charms *Iberian* maids disclose,  
 If thine, *Elvira*, thine, uniting all!  
 Thus far prevail—nor can thy virtuous breast  
 Demand, what honour, faith, and love denies.”

“ Oh! happy she,” rejoin’d the pensive maid,  
 “ Who shares thy fame, thy virtue, and thy love!  
 And be she happy! thy distinguish’d choice  
 Declares her worth, and vindicates her claim.  
 Farewell my luckless hopes, my flatt’ring dreams  
 Of rapt’rous days! my guilty suit, farewell!  
 Yet, fond howe’er my plea, or deep the wound  
 That waits my fame, let not the random shaft  
 Of censure pierce with me th’ *Iberian* dames:  
 They love with caution, and with happier stars.  
 And oh! by pity mov’d, restrain the taunts  
 Of levity, nor brand *Elvira*’s flame;  
 By merit rais’d; by gratitude approv’d;  
 By hope confirm’d; with artless truth reveal’d;  
 Let, let me say, but for one matchless maid  
 Of happier birth, with mutual ardour crown’d.

These radiant gems, which burnish happiness,  
 But mock misfortune, to thy fav’rite’s hand  
 With care convey And well may such adorn  
 Her cheerful front, who finds in thee alone  
 The source of ev’ry transport; but disgrace  
 My pensive breast, which doom’d to lasting woe,  
 In thee the source of ev’ry bliss resign.

And now farewell, thou darling youth! the gem  
 Of *English* merit! peace, content, and joy,  
 And tender hopes, and young desires, farewell!

Attend

Attend, ye smiling train, this gallant mind  
 Back to his native shores; there sweetly smooth  
 His ev'ning pillow, dance around his groves;  
 And where he treads, with vi'lets pain his way.  
 But leave *Elvira*! leave her, now no more  
 Your trail companion! in the sacred cells  
 Of some lone cloister let me shroud my shame:  
 There to the matin bell, obsequious, pur  
 My constant orisons. The wanton loves,  
 And gay desires shall spy the glimm'ring tow'rs,  
 And wing their flight aloof: but rest confirm'd,  
 That never shall *Elvira*'s tongue conclude  
 Her shortest pray'r, ere *Henry*'s dear success  
 The warmest accent of her zeal employ."

Thus spoke the weeping fair, whose artless mind  
 Impartial scorn'd to model her esteem  
 By native customs, dress, and face, and air,  
 And manners, less; nor yet resolv'd in vain.  
 He, bound by prior love, the solemn vow  
 Giv'n and receiv'd, to soft compassion gave  
 A tender tear; then with that kind adieu,  
 Esteem could warrant, weary'd heav'n with pray'rs  
 To shroud that tender breast he left forlorn.

He ceas'd and to the cloister's pensive scene  
*Elvira* shap'd her solitary way.

## THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

In imitation of SPENCER.

*Audite voces, varietas et ingens,  
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo.* Virg.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

What particulars in Spencer were imagined most proper for the Author's imitation on this occasion, are his language, his simplicity, his manner of description, and a peculiar tenderness of sentiment, remarkable throughout his works.



Alas me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,  
To think how modest worth neglected lies!  
While partial fame doth with her blast adorn  
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise;  
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise!  
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try  
To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies;  
Such as I oft have chanced to espy,  
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In ev'ry village mark'd with little spire,  
Embow'r'd in trees, and hardly kn wn to fame,  
There dwells, in lowly she , and mean attire,  
A matron old, whom we school-mistress name;



Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;  
 They griev'd sore, in piteous durance pent,  
 Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame;  
 And oft-times, on vag'ries icily bent,  
 For unkempt hair, or talk unconn'd, are sorely shent;

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,  
 Which learning near her little dome did stowe;  
 Whilom a twig of small regard to see,  
 Though now so wide its waving branches flow;  
 And work the simple vassals nickle wo;  
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,  
 But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat  
 And, as they look'd they found their horror grew;  
 And snap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not may conceive)  
 A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd;  
 So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,  
 Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;  
 They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;  
 Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy  
 May no bold *Baton's* riper age e'er taste!  
 Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,  
 Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to his dome is found a patch so green,  
 On which the tribe their gambols do display;  
 And at the door imprisoning board is seen,  
 Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;  
Eager,

Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!  
 The noises intermix'd which thence resound,  
 Do learning's little tenement berray;  
 Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,  
 And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel a-  
 round.

Her cap far whiter than the driven snow,  
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield:  
 Her apron dy'd in grain as blue, I trowe,  
 As is the hare-bell that adorns the fields:  
 And in her hand, for scepter she does wield  
 Two yirchen sprys; with anxious fear entwin'd,  
 With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd;  
 And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,  
 And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have kend, in semblance meet pourtray'd,  
 The childish faces of old E.P.'s train;  
 LIRS, NOTUS, AUSTER: these in frowns array'd,  
 How then would fare, on earth, or sky, or main,  
 Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?  
 And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,  
 And were not she her statutes to maintain,  
 The cott no more I ween, were deem'd the cell,  
 Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;  
 A russet kirtle tenc'd the nipping air;  
 'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;  
 'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;

136 MORAL PIECES.

'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare ;  
 And, sooth to say, her pupils rang'd around,  
 Thro' pious awe, did term it passing rare ;  
 For they in gaping wonderment abound  
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight  
 on round.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,  
 Ne pompous title did debauch her ear ;  
 Goody, good woman, gossip n'aunt, forsooth,  
 Or dame, the sole additions she did hear ;  
 Yet these she challeng'd these she held right dear !  
 Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,  
 Who should not honour'd ead with these revere :  
 For never title yet so mean could prove,  
 But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,  
 The plodding pattern of the busy dame ;  
 Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,  
 Into her school, begirt with chickens came !  
 Such favour did her past deportment claim :  
 And, if neglect had lavish'd on the ground  
 Fragment of bread, she would collect the same :  
 For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,  
 What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak  
 That in her garden sipt the silv' y dew :  
 Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gawdy streak ;  
 But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,

The

Of grey renown, within those borders grew :  
 The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,  
 Fresh baum, and mary gold of cheerful hue :  
 The lowly gill, that never dares to climb ;  
 And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,  
 That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around ;  
 And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue ;  
 And plantain-ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound ;  
 And marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's pose found ;  
 And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom  
 Shall be ere while, in arid bundles bound,  
 To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,  
 And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare per-  
 fume.

And here trim rosmarine that whilome crown'd  
 The daintiest garden of the proudest peer ;  
 Ere, driven from its env'y'd site, it found  
 A sacred shelter for its branches here ;  
 Where edg'd with gold its glit'ring skirts appear.  
 Oh wassel days ; O customs meet and well !  
 Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere :  
 Simplicity then sought this humble cell,  
 Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling  
 dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's recent eve,  
 Hymned such psalms as STERNHOLD forth did  
 mete,

If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave ;  
 But in her garden found a summer seat :

Sweet

Sweet melody ! to hear her then repeat  
 How ISRAEL's son's, beneath a foreign king,  
 While taunting foe-men, did a song intreat,  
 All, for the nonce, untuning ev'ry string,  
 Up-hung their useless lyres—small heart had they to  
 sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,  
 And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed ;  
 And, in those elfins' ears, would oft deplore  
 The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed ;  
 And tortious death was true devotion's meed ;  
 And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,  
 That nould on wooden image place her creed ;  
 And lawny taints in smould'ring flames did burn :  
 Ah! dearest Lord, forefend, thilk days should e'er re-  
 turn.

In elbow chair, like that of SCOTTISH stem  
 By the sharp tooth of cank'ring eld defac'd,  
 In which, when he receives his diadem,  
 Our sovereign prince and lieft liege is plac'd,  
 The matron sate ; and some with rank she grac'd,  
 (The source of children's and of courtier's pride !)  
 Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pais'd ;  
 And warn'd them not the fieful to deride,  
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry ;  
 To thwart the proud, and the submissive to raise ;  
 Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,  
 And some entice with pittance small of praise !

And

And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays :  
 Ev'n absent she the reins of pow'r doth hold,  
 While with quaint arts the giddy crew she sways ;  
 Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,  
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command !  
 Eftsoons the Urchins to their tasks repair ;  
 Their books of stature small they take in hand,  
 Which with pellucid horn secured are ;  
 To save from finger wet the letters fair :  
 The work so gay, that on their back is seen,  
 St GEORGE'S high achievements does declare ;  
 On which think-wight that has y-gazing been,  
 Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasant sight, I ween !

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam  
 Of evil star ! it irks me whilst I write !  
 As erst the bard by MULLA'S silver stream,  
 Ott, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,  
 Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.  
 For brandishing the rod, she doth begin  
 To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight !  
 And down they drop, appears his dainty skin,  
 Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermin.

O ruthless scene ! when from a nook obscure,  
 His little sister doth his peril see :  
 All playful as she fate, she grows demure ;  
 She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee ;  
 She meditates a pray'r to set him free ;  
 Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,

\* SPENSER.

(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)  
 To her sad grief that swells in either eye.  
 And wrings her so, that all for pity she could die.  
 Nor longer can she now her shrieks command;  
 And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,  
 To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,  
 To stay harsh justice in its mid career.  
 On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear!  
 (Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)  
 She sees no kind domestic village near,  
 And soon a flood of tears begins to flow;  
 And gives a loose at last to unavailing wo.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?  
 Or what device his loud laments explain?  
 The form uncouth of his disguised face?  
 The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?  
 The plenteous show'r that does his cheek distain?  
 When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,  
 Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;  
 Or when from high she levels well her aim,  
 And, thro' the thatch, his cries each falling stroke  
 proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,  
 Attend, and conn their tasks with meikle care:  
 By turns, astoni'd, ev'ry twig survey,  
 And, from their fellow's hateful wounds, beware;  
 Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share;  
 Till fear has taught them a performance meet,  
 And to the well-known chest the dame repair;  
 Whence oft with sugar'd cakes she doth 'em greet,  
 And ginger-bread; y-rare, now, comes doubly sweet.

See



See to their seats they hie with merry glee,  
 And in befeemly order sitten there ;  
 All but the wight of bum y-galled, he  
 Abhorreth bench and stool, and fourm, and  
     chair ;  
 (This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair ;)  
 And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,  
 Convulsions intermitting ! does declare  
 His grievous wrong ; his dame's unjust behest ;  
 And scorns her offer'd love and shuns to be caress'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines  
 His blooming face that seems a purple flow'r,  
 Which low to earth its drooping head declines,  
 All smear'd and sully'd by a vernal show'r.  
 O the hard bosoms of despotic pow'r !  
 All, all, but she, the author of his shame,  
 All all, but she, regret this mournful hour :  
 Yet hence the youth and hence the flow'r shall claim  
 If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,  
 Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff ! pines ;  
 Ne for his fellow's joyaunce careth aught,  
 But to the wind all merriment resigns ;  
 And deems it shame if he to peace inclines ;  
 And many a fullen look aistance is sent.  
 Which for his dame's annoyance he designs ;  
 And still the more to please him she's bent,  
 The more doth he, perverse, her haviour past resent.

Ah

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!  
 But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,  
 Beware, ye dames with nice discernment see,  
 Ye quench not the sparks of nobler fires:  
 Ah! better far than all the muses' lyres,  
 All coward arts, is valour's generous heat;  
 The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,  
 Like VERNON's patriot soul; more justly great  
 Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit.  
 Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!  
 Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show  
 A little bench of headless b'shops here,  
 And there a chancellor in embryo,  
 Or bard sublime, that bard may ere be so, [shall dye!  
 As MILTON, SHAKESPEAR, names that ne'er  
 Tho' now he crawl along the ground to low,  
 Nor weeting how the muse should soar on high,  
 Wishest, poor starv'ling elf! his paper kite may fly.  
 And this, perhaps, who cens'ring the design,  
 Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,  
 Shall DENNIS be! of rigid fates incline  
 And many an epic to his rage shall yield;  
 And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;  
 And, sour'd by age profound he shall appear,  
 As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd  
 Surveys mine work; and levels many a sneer, [here!"  
 And furls his wrinkly front, and cries "what stuff is  
 But now DAN PHOEBUS gains the middle skie,  
 And liberty unbars her prison door;

But

And like a rushing torrent out they fly,  
 And now the grassy cirque hang cover'd o'er  
 With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar;  
 A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,  
 Heav'n shield their sport-hv'd pastimes, I implore!  
 For well may freedom erst so dearly won  
 Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade;  
 And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flow'rs,  
 For when my bones in grass green sods are laid;  
 For never may ye taste more careless hours  
 In knightly castles, or in ladies bow'rs,  
 O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!  
 But most in courts where proud ambition tow'rs;  
 Deluded wight! who weens fair pace can spring  
 Beneath the pompous dome of kefar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!  
 These rudely carol most incondite lay;  
 Those saunt'ring on the green, with jocund leer  
 Salute the stranger passing on his way;  
 Some builden fragile tenements of clay;  
 Some to the standing lake their courtes bend,  
 With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play;  
 Think to the huxter's fav'ry cottage tend,  
 In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a diff'rent store.  
 Each season's stores in order ranged been;  
 Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,  
 Galling full sore the unmoney'd wight, are seen;  
 Add

And goose-b'rie clad in liv'ry red or green ;  
 And here of lovely dye, the cath'ine pear,  
 Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween :  
 O may no wight e'er pennylefs come there,  
 Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopelefs care !

See ! cherries here ere cherries yet abound,  
 With thread to white in tempting posies ty'd,  
 Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,  
 With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside ;  
 And must be bought, though penury betide.  
 The plumb all azure, and the nut all brown,  
 And here each season, do those cakes abide,  
 Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own,  
 Rend'ring thro' BRITAIN'S isle SALOPIA'S praises  
 known †.

Admir'd SALOPIA ! that with venial pride  
 Eyes her bright form in SEVERN'S ambient wave,  
 Fam'd for her loyal cates in perils try'd,  
 Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave :  
 Ah ! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave,  
 Whose art did first these dulcet cates display !  
 A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,  
 Who cheerlefs o'er her darkling region stray ;  
 Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.



† SHREWSBURY cakes.

F I N I S.

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